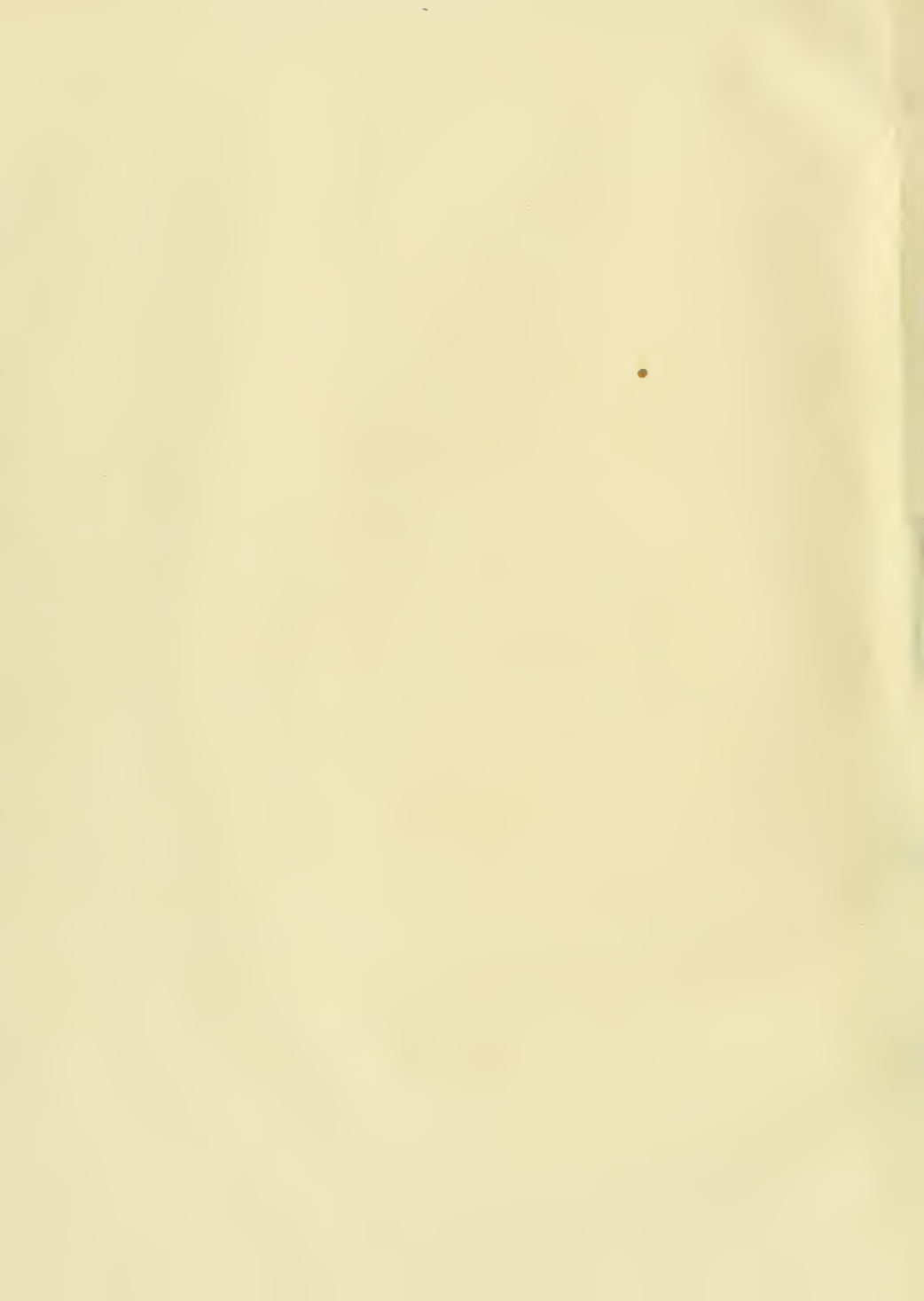
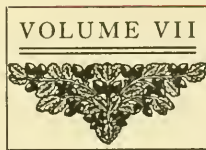


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Quips and Cranks



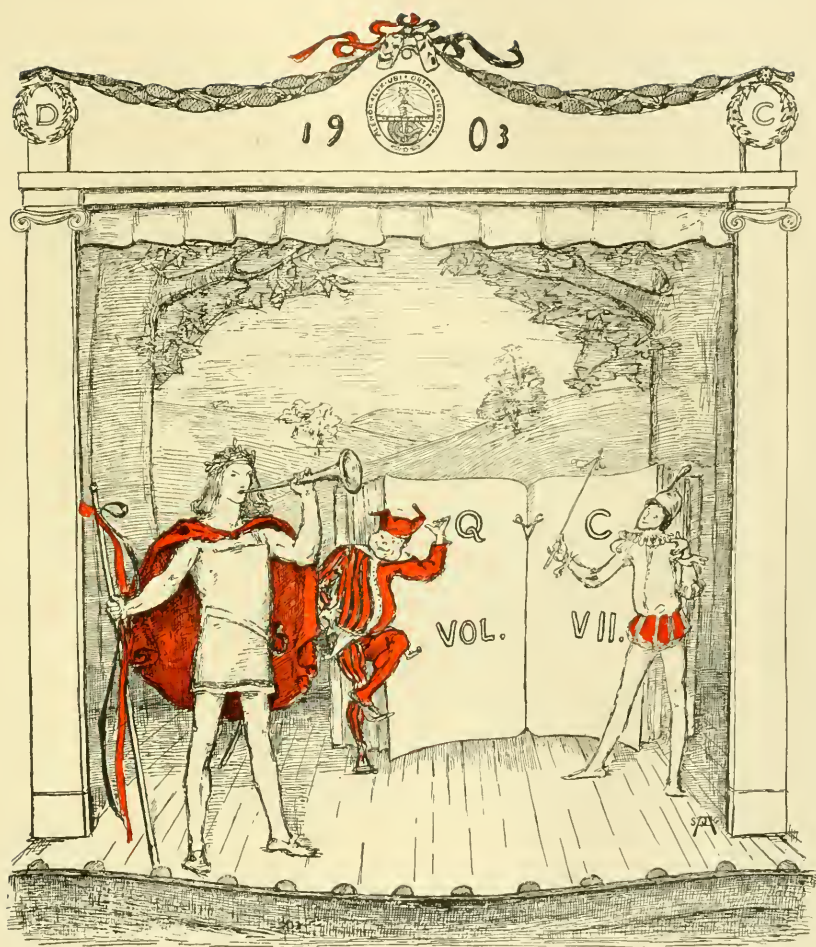
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DAVIDSON, NORTH CAROLINA

1903



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To

Dr. J. H. Munroe

as an expression of our appreciation of his fidelity

to the interests of

Davidson College

and his assistance and inspiration in the

field of Athletics, this volume of

"Quips and Cranks"

is dedicated by the Editors



JOHN PETER MUNROE, M. D.

John Peter Munroe

JOHN PETER MUNROE, born of Presbyterian parents, near Fayetteville, in 1857, now president of North Carolina Medical College, at Davidson and Charlotte—this is thus far the life story of Doctor Munroe.

He studied at Davidson College from 1878 to 1882, winning the Wiley Prize in mathematics and the honor of salutatory orator. After graduation, he taught two years at Fayetteville and one at Raeford. Thence he went to the University of Virginia and finished the course in medicine in one term. Standing first among his classmates in competitive examination, he was appointed resident physician at St. Luke's Hospital, Richmond.

From 1886 to 1889, Doctor Munroe practiced medicine at Durham, N. C., where he won for himself a most enviable reputation. The appreciation of his faithfulness and remarkable skill during an epidemic of typhoid fever there was evidenced by the gift of a handsome gold watch from those who had been his patients during that trying time—one of those times that prove the metal of which men are made.

Leaving Durham, he came to Davidson and bought the Preparatory Medical School of Dr. P. B. Barringer. There were only three pupils in this school the next year, but under Doctor Munroe's management it grew to such an extent that in 1892 it was deemed wise to secure a charter, and it became, in spite of many obstacles and much opposition, the North Carolina Medical College. While the growth of this institution has not been of the mushroom kind, each year has surpassed the previous one. The unusually large proportion of its students who have passed the State Board and have subsequently established for themselves a successful practice in different parts of the country, proves the thoroughness of the training they have received. The new hospital at Davidson and the connection which has been established with the Presbyterian Hospital in Charlotte, thus affording the Seniors greater opportunities for practical work, are only additional proofs of the success of the present management. Nor does Doctor Munroe confine his efforts to the Medical College. His executive ability and business sagacity make him constantly the head of the more important business enterprises of the community, while a politician's tact and enthusiasm, born of utter self-forgetfulness, have caused him to be put into many public offices. These he has filled in a way that has brought increased comfort to every citizen of the town and surrounding country.

As a church officer, Doctor Munroe is most valuable. Elected an elder while in Durham, and still a very young man, he was re-elected to that position upon reaching Davidson, and his wisdom and prudence have been of great value in the settling of every question that has arisen in this church during his connection with it. His zeal in mission work has made for his Sunday school a record for usefulness which has been equalled by few.

In fact, it may be said of Doctor Munroe, that he is one of the few to whom the Lord has entrusted ten talents, and if the number of positions he has been called upon to fill and the perplexed souls whose burdens he has shared may be called "usury," surely it will be said of him that he hath gained an hundred fold.

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HENRY LOUIS SMITH, M. A., PH. D.,

PRESIDENT.

Born at Greensboro, North Carolina. Graduated at Davidson College in 1881, and while there was awarded the Mathematical medal, the Greek medal, and the Essayist's medal. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon him in 1888. He was principal of Selma Academy, at Selma, North Carolina, from 1881 to 1887. Pursued post-graduate studies at the University of Virginia in 1886-'87, and again in 1890-'91. Was awarded the Orator's medal of the Temperance Union Society in 1887, and of the Jefferson Literary Society in 1891, and the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1890. Since 1887 he has been Professor at Davidson College, being elected President in 1901.

REV. JOHN BUNYAN SHEARER, M. A., D. D., LL. D.,

VICE-PRESIDENT AND PROFESSOR OF BIBLICAL INSTRUCTION.

Born in 1832, in Appomattox County, Virginia. Was graduated with the Degree of Bachelor of Arts from Hampden-Sidney College in 1851, and received the degree of Master of Arts from the University of Virginia in 1854. The next year he was principal of Kemper School at Gordonsville, Virginia. Was graduated at the Union Theological Seminary in 1858. For the next four years he was minister at Chapel Hill; then from 1862-'70 he preached in Halifax county, Virginia; he was principal of the Cluster Springs High School from 1866-'70. In 1870 he was called to the presidency of Stewart College, Clarksville, Tennessee. After the reorganization of the College as the Southwestern Presbyterian University, he held the chair of History and English Literature, and of Biblical Instruction from 1882-'88. In the latter year he was elected President of Davidson College, and Professor of Biblical Instruction; he resigned his presidency in 1901. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Hampden-Sidney College in 1873. In 1889 the Southwestern Presbyterian University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

CALEB RICHMOND HARDING, M. A., PH. D.,

PROFESSOR OF GREEK AND GERMAN.

Born in 1861, at Charlotte, North Carolina. Graduated at Davidson College in 1880 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Between the years 1881-'87 he spent each alternate year at Johns Hopkins, pursuing post-graduate work. From 1883-'85 he was Professor of Greek at Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia, and between 1886-'88 he taught at Kenmore High School, Kenmore, Virginia. He received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from Johns Hopkins in 1887, and since 1889 he has been Professor of Greek and German at Davidson.

WILLIAM RICHARD GREY, A. B., PH. D.,

PROFESSOR OF LATIN AND FRENCH.

Dr. Grey was born in 1858, in Union County, North Carolina. Graduated from Davidson in 1884 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, having won the Latin and Greek medals. During the session of 1885-'86 he conducted the Village Academy at Davidson. In 1886-'87 he taught in the Mooresville Academy, and from 1888-'89 he was at the head of the high schools of Georgia. Entered Johns Hopkins University in 1889; was awarded an honorary Hopkins scholarship in 1890, and the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in 1893. Since that time he has been Professor of Latin and French at Davidson.

THOMAS P. HARRISON, PH. D.

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH.

Born in Abbeville, South Carolina, on October 11, 1864. Entered South Carolina Military Academy, at Charleston, in 1882. Graduated in 1886, being one of two honor men in a class of fifty-three members. For three years after graduation he held the position of Assistant in English in the above-named institution. Resigning his position, he entered Johns Hopkins University in 1888, and received the University Scholarship in English in 1890, and subsequently was appointed Fellow in English. In June, 1891, he received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and in the same year studied in Paris and in the British Museum in London. In 1892 he was elected Assistant Professor of English in Clemson College, South Carolina, his rank being afterwards raised to Associate Professor. This position he held until January, 1896, when he was elected Professor of English in Davidson College.

WILLIAM JOSEPH MARTIN, M. D., PH. D., F. C. S.

PROFESSOR OF CHEMISTRY.

Was born in Columbus, Tennessee, in the year 1868. In 1888 he graduated from Davidson College, standing third in his class. The following year he was Professor of Science at Clinton College, South Carolina. In 1889 he entered the Medical Department of the University of Virginia, where he received the degree of Doctor of Medicine, and some years later that of Doctor of Philosophy. In 1894 he was elected Fellow of the London Chemical Society. Since 1896 he has held the chair of Chemistry at Davidson College.

JOHN L. DOUGLAS, M. A.

PROFESSOR OF MATHEMATICS.

Born in Winnsboro, South Carolina, in 1864. Entered Davidson College in 1884. He withdrew from College at the close of his Sophomore year. He was engaged in teaching until 1892, when he re-entered Davidson and graduated the following June with highest honors, winning the Debater's medal. The following October he entered Johns Hopkins University, taking graduate course in Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry.

Completing the Doctor of Philosophy course, with the exception of his Thesis, he was elected Professor of Science in the Chatham Academy at Savannah, Georgia. In 1897 he was elected to the chair of Mathematics in Davidson College.

JAMES McDOWELL DOUGLAS, M. A., PH. D.

PROFESSOR OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

Dr. Douglas was born in Fairfield county, South Carolina, in 1867. He entered Davidson College in 1890, and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1893, being one of the honor men of his class. During the following year he pursued his studies in Mathematics, and in 1894 received the degree of Master of Arts. The three years after graduation were spent in teaching at the Davidson High School, and as Superintendent of the Gaston Institute, at Gastonia, North Carolina. He entered Johns Hopkins University in 1897, and in 1901 was graduated with the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. In the same year he was elected to the chair of Natural Philosophy at Davidson College.

ARCHIBALD CURRIE, A. B.

ADJUNCT PROFESSOR IN MATHEMATICS, LATIN AND GREEK.

Professor Currie was born at Hillsboro, North Carolina, in 1876. Entered Davidson College in 1893. In 1896 he received the Debater's medal, and in the following year was graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. After leaving College he taught one year at Coleman, Texas. From 1898 to 1901 he was principal of the Davidson High School. In 1901 he was elected to the position of Adjunct Professor of Mathematics, Latin and Greek at Davidson College.



Quips and Cranks Past and Present

EIGHT years ago the students of Davidson entered a new field of college enterprise by publishing the first volume of "Quips and Cranks." Since that date every year, with the exception of '96 and '99 has seen another volume added to the list. Each annual, since the first owes a debt to the past, and is to a certain extent an outgrowth of its predecessors. It cannot be said, however, that there has been a constant development and improvement, for, on the contrary, the fortunes of "Quips and Cranks" have been somewhat varied.

The editors of Volume I deserve especial credit not only for opening up the way, but also for giving their volume a degree of excellence which some of its successors have not succeeded in attaining. Space does not permit anything in the nature of a criticism of the five volumes which have followed this one. It may not be amiss to say that Volume III, of the year 1898, is probably the best published, either before or since that time, and that Volume V is second to this alone. Of course all of the annuals have had their defects, and in some these were much more noticeable than in others; but, taking "Quips and Cranks" as a whole, the career has thus far been one marked by success.

The present volume has not been unique on account of the absence of misfortunes and difficulties, but in presenting it to the public, the editors have no desire to make excuses or apologies to show why it is not what it might have been. Certainly we are not blind to its imperfections, and we shall be sorely disappointed if it is not handled unmercifully by those "men of words and not of deeds" who can *tell* more in five minutes about how an annual should be gotten out than they can *do* in five years towards helping improve it in any way. In regard to our attempts at humor we wish to say that everything of this nature is intended as harmless fun, and is not expected to cause any one to feel offended. We assure the members of the faculty that nothing in this book is published through any disrespect towards them and their positions. We have attempted to include in these pages a mixture of the grave and the gay, of sense and nonsense, and as such we give it to our readers with the wish that they may find it an interesting picture of college life.

To our friends, who have assisted us in the literary, and especially in the art department, we express our sincere thanks, hoping that they may not be disappointed in this volume upon which we have bestowed our labors.



WILLIAM LEE DAVIDSON, JR.

Upon whose land Davidson College was located, and who was a
liberal contributor towards the founding of the institution,
and a member of its first Board of Trustees

General William Lee Davidson

WILLIAM LEE DAVIDSON was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1746. When he was four years old his father, George Davidson, decided to move to Iredell County, North Carolina. This county and those adjoining it were settled by the liberty-loving Scotch-Irish, and thus from early youth the boy acquired by association a belief in the principle that liberty is a universal right. This belief was further strengthened by his education at Queen's Museum in Charlotte—that institution which, because of its Presbyterian origin, was royal in name out of deference to the powers that were, but Democratic in its teaching in obedience to the divine plan of government.

By inheritance a patriot, by education a leader, William Davidson was appointed Major in one of the four new regiments called into service by the Provincial Congress that met at Halifax in April, 1776. Under the command of General Francis Nash, Major Davidson's regiment (the fourth) marched at once to the North to reinforce the army of General Washington. In the three years that followed the North Carolina troops served faithfully, doing well their duty in the battles of Princeton and Brandywine, and winning unlimited praise in the battle of Germantown. For personal gallantry on this last occasion Major Davidson's rank was raised to Lieutenant-Colonel.

In November, 1779, the North Carolina battalions were ordered to Charleston to reinforce General Lincoln. As they passed through North Carolina, Colonel Davidson, on furlough, left his regiment to spend a few days with his family, whom he had not seen for three years. He had expected to rejoin the army at Charleston, but when he reached the city he found it so closely besieged by the British that he could not gain admission. He was thus saved from the fate that befell his regiment. Soon after Lincoln surrendered, and Davidson returned immediately to Mecklenburg, where he took the lead in opposing the Tories, and did much to humble their overconfident spirit.

At Coulson's Mill, in a fierce skirmish in which he was finally victorious, he received a wound so severe as to keep him out of active service for two months. While in this retirement, in recognition of his merit as a brave and skillful military leader, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General to succeed General Rutherford, taken prisoner at the battle of Camden.

As soon as he could take the field again, General Davidson busied himself in organizing the militia of his district and in preparing them for

effective service. On January 17, 1781, the battle of Cowpens, which put an end to the cruel despotism of Tory rule in South Carolina, was fought. General Morgan, however, was hotly pursued by Lord Cornwallis and forced to retreat with his spoils across the Catawba river. To cover his retreat, General Davidson had placed guards at four of the fords of the river. When Lord Cornwallis reached the river he found it too swollen to allow crossing where he had at first intended, so he fell back a few miles and encamped for three days. On the morning of February 1, 1781, he broke camp and started for Cowan's Ford. Here General Davidson himself was stationed with about three hundred and fifty men.

At daybreak the British vanguard entered the river, the American picket challenged, and, receiving no answer, fired. This so frightened the Tory guide who was leading the British that he took to his heels, and Colonel Hall, who was commanding the light infantry of the enemy, being thus left to his own resources, led his men straight across the river to an unexpected landing place. This action prevented the Americans from firing directly upon the enemy and thereby rendered their aim less effective.

The firing at the river quickly attracted the attention of General Davidson, who was a half mile in the rear with the larger portion of his forces, and he hurried to the scene of action, arriving just as the small guard was giving way before the superior forces of the British. In attempting to rally his men he exposed himself too recklessly to the rifles of the enemy and received a fatal wound in the breast, dying almost immediately. This disheartened the Americans still more, and though they held their ground for a time, they were soon compelled to retire.

After the departure of the British, the body of General Davidson was secured by David Wilson and Richard Barry and conveyed to the house of Samuel Wilson, whence it was carried at night to the graveyard of Hopewell Church and interred by the dim light of torches. In this country churchyard the remains of the leader still lie, but recognition, though tardy, is at last falling where it is due.

The records of General Davidson's life are meagre, and we possess no eulogies of his character, but we may well judge of what mould it was, for it has been found worthy to be bestowed upon one of the fairest counties of the State as an example of true patriotism to its citizens, and upon a cherished institution of the church as an example of Christian manhood to the young men gathered there.

(The writer is greatly indebted to the excellent account of General Davidson's life in the volume "Sketches of Western North Carolina," by C. L. Hunter, which has been quite closely followed.)



CAMPUS—LOOKING NORTH FROM CHURCH



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Orange and Black

Motto

Prodesse Quam Conspici

Yell

Rah! Rah! Rah! Boom-boom-alack!

Sis, boom, bah! Orange and Black!

Hey ho, hi ho! Rip, rah, re!

D. C. N. C. Nineteen three!



The Senior Class



JAMES LELAND ANDERSON
MOORE, S. C.

"What is this thing which first we see?
One famed for beauty and for chemistry."

20 years; 5 feet, 11 inches; 153 pounds; Course A. B.; Eu.;
Member Class Track Team '00-'01; Laboratory
Assistant, '02-'03.



WILLIAM WADDELL ARROWOOD
BETHEL, S. C.

"If he were not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs; he
brushes his hair o' mornings; what should that bode?"

19 years; 5 ft., 11 in.; 140 lbs.; Course A. B.; Beta Theta Pi;
Phi. Vice-Monitor '00; Monitor '00-'01, '01-'02; Fall '02;
Vice-Monitor '03; Historian Class; Secretary and
Treasurer Class; Secretary Society; Vice-Presi-
dent Society; Second Critic Society; First
Critic Society; President Society; Mar-
shal; Member Library Committee,
two years;
Editor Quips and Cranks.



JOEL SMITH BAILEY, JR.
GREENWOOD, S. C.

"The glass of fashion, and the mould of form;
the observed of all observers."

19 years; 5 feet, 6 inches; 138 pounds; Course B. S.; K. S.;
Eu.; Vice-President Class '00-'01; Secretary and Treas.
Class '02-'03; Class Baseball Team two years; Class
Track Team two years; Captain Class Baseball
Team '00-'01; Marshal '01-'02; First Vice-
President Student-Body '01-'02; Secre-
tary and Treasurer Tennis Club; Col-
lege Baseball Team three years;
Captain College Team '01-'02;
College Track Team
four years.



HENRY FRANK BEATY

MOORESVILLE, N. C.

"I am a man that from the first have been
inclined to thrift."

24 years; 5 feet, 11½ inches; 160 pounds; Course A. B.; Phi.;
Second Supervisor Society '00-'01; Janitor Society
'02-'03; Class Track Team one year.



WILBUR JOHNSTON BLAKE

ABBEVILLE, S. C.

"To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Davidson virgins pay their vows and songs."

"Knowest me not by my clothes."

21 years; 5 feet, 8 inches; 160 pounds; Course B. S.; Eu.



PAUL PAISLEY BROWN

NEWTON, N. C.

"I can suck melancholy out of a song
As a wren sucks eggs."

23 years; 6 feet, 1½ inches; 147 pounds; Course, B. S.; Phi.
Graduated at Catawba College 1900, degree B. S.;
entered Junior Class 1901; Second Critic Society '02;
Commencement Orator, '02; President Society
'02-'03; First Critic Society '03; Honor Roll
'01-'02, '02-; Member Glee Club '01-'02;
Leader Glee Club '02-'03; Instructor
in Chemistry;
Editor Quips and Cranks.

HUGH HARRIS CALDWELL
HARRISBURG, N. C.

"'Tis remarkable that they
Talk most who have the least to say."

22 years ; 6 feet, 3 inches ; 155 pounds ; Course A. B. ; Phi. ;
President Class '99-'00 ; Vice-Monitor Fall '01, Spring '02,
Fall '02 ; Monitor Spring '03 ; Class Baseball Team
'99-'00, '00-'01 ; Secretary Society '00 ; Vice-Pres-
ident Society '01 ; First Critic Society '02 ;
President Society '03 ; Commencement
Orator '02 ; Editor Magazine '01-'02 ;
Editor-in-Chief Magazine '02-'03,
(resigned) ; Editor Quips and
Cranks '02 ; Editor-in-
Chief Quips and Cranks '03 ;
Vice-President Y. M. C. A. '02-'03.



ROBERT DALE DAFFIN, Jr.
MARIANNA, FLA.

"Truly, I would the gods had made me poetical,"

21 years ; 5 ft., 9 in. ; 165 lbs. ; Course A. B. ; Beta Theta Pi ;
Eu. ; Class Baseball Team ; Class Football Team ; Class
Track Team ; Class Prophet ; Secretary Society ; Vice-
President Society ; President Society ; Reviewer
Society ; Marshal ; Commencement Orator '02 ;
College Track Team three years ; Editor
Magazine two years ; Editor Quips
and Cranks two years.



WILLIAM MILAS DUNN
JACKSONHAM, S. C.

"Let me have men about me that are fat."

20 years ; 5 feet, 10 inches ; 175 pounds ; Course A. B. ; Eu. ;
Class Track Team two years ; President Class '02-'03 ;
Vice-Monitor Fall '00, Spring '01 ; Secretary Society
'00 ; Treasurer Society '01-'02 ; Library Committee ;
President Society '02-'03 ; Commencement
Orator '02 ; President Student-Body '02-
'03 ; College Track Team three years ;
Manager College Track Team '02 ;
Editor Quips and Cranks three years.





HENRY ALAN JOHNSTON
NORFOLK, VA.

"Your wit's too hot; it speeds too fast.
Twill tire."

19 years; 5 feet, 10 inches; 140 pounds; Course A. B.; K. A.;
Eu.; Class Baseball Team; Toastmaster Junior Ban-
quet; Vice-President Society '02; Reviewer
Society; Member Library Committee;
Commencement Orator '02;
Editor Quips and Cranks '03.



ROBERT SIMPSON JOHNSTON
NORFOLK, VA.

"And when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?"

20 years; 6 feet; 175 pounds; Course B. S.; K. A.; Eu.; Class
Baseball Team '00-'01; Class Track Team '00-'01;
Society Respondent; Declaimer's Medal; Marshal
'01-'02; College Football Team '01-'02, '02-'03;
College Track Team '02-'03; Editor Quips
and Cranks '01-'02, '02-'03.



WILLIAM HOLT KIRKPATRICK
BLACKSTOCK, S. C.

"He was a verray parfit gentil knight."

21 years; 5 ft., 9½ in.; 153 lbs.; Course A. B.; Beta Theta Pi;
Eu.; President Class '00-'01; Captain Class Baseball Team
'99-'00; Member Executive Committee Athletic Associat'n
'01-'02; Class Baseball Team; Class Football Team;
Secretary and Treasurer Student-Body '00-'01; College
Baseball Team four years; Football Team two
years; President Athletic Association '02-'03;
Vice-President Tennis Association '01-'02;
President Tennis Association '02-'03; Captain
Baseball Team '03; Member Glee Club
two years; College Track Team two years.

HUBBARD ALLEN KNOX

VANCE, N. C.

"I would forget her, but like a fever, she reigns in my blood,
and will remembered be."

25 years; 5 feet, 7½ inches; 130 pounds; Course A. B.; Phi.;

Commencement Marshal '03.



HARDY GRAHAM McDOWELL

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

"No man is the wiser for his learning;
Wit and wisdom are born with a man."

18 years; 6 feet; 169 pounds; Course B. S.; Phi.

Sweater Club four years.



JOHN HOWARD MCLELLAND

MOORESVILLE, N. C.

"Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber"

20 years; 5 feet, 7½ inches; 175 pounds; Course A. B.; S. A. E.;

Phi.; Supervisor Society; Vice-President Society;

Marshal; Football Team '01; Member Execu-

tive Committee Athletic Association

two years; Business Mana-

ger Magazine; Editor

Quips and

Cranks.





HENRY EMBRY McMURRAY

MINT HILL, N. C.

"I must to the barber's, for methinks I am marvelous hairy
about the face."

22 years; 5 feet, 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches; 150 pounds; Course A. B.; Phi.;
Secretary Society; Respondent '02; Member
Library Committee; Editor
Magazine



ANGUS R. McQUEEN

CARTHAGE, N. C.

"Beautiful in form and feature,
Lovely as the day.
Can there be so fair a creature
Formed of common clay?"

27 years; 6 feet; 175 pounds; Course A. B.; Phi.; Class His-
torian; two years; Class Track Team two years; Manager
Class Track Team one year; Class Baseball Team;
First Supervisor Society; Treasurer Society;
First Critic Society; President Society; Vale-
dictorian Society; Orator's Medal; Glee
Club three years; Editor Quips
and Cranks.



ARTHUR LADSON MILLS

GREENVILLE, S. C.

"The broad circumference hung on his shoulders like a moon."

19 years; 5 feet, 10 inches; 160 pounds; Course B. S.; S. A. E.;
Eu.; Secretary and Treasurer Class '00-'01; Vice-
President Class '02-'03; Marshal; Football
Team '02-'03; Secretary and Treasurer
Athletic Association; Business
Manager Quips and
Cranks, 1903.

WILSON PLUMER MILLS

CAMDEN, S. C.

"I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my mouth, let no dog bark."

19 years, 5 feet, 11 inches; 148 pounds; Course A. B.; K. S.;
Eu.; President Class '01-'02; Secretary Society '01; Vice-
President Society '02; Reviewer Society '02; Presi-
dent Society '03; Editor Magazine '01-'02, '02-'03;
(Editor-in-Chief last half of second year);
Secretary Y. M. C. A. '01-'02; President
Y. M. C. A. '02-'03; Editor Quips and
Cranks; Assistant in Eng-
lish '02-'03.



WILLIAM SANFORD PATTERSON

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

"The pain of one maiden's refusal is drowned
in the pain of the next."

21 years; 5 feet, 4½ inches; 125 pounds; Course A. B.; P. K. A.;
Phi.; Class Relay Team '99-'00; Member Junior
Banquet Committee; First Supervisor Society;
Second Critic Society; Marshal '00.



FRANCIS MITCHELL ROGERS

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

"The ladies call him sweet:
The stairs, as he trends on them, kiss his feet."

20 years; 5 feet, 10 inches; 130 pounds; Course A. B.; K. A.;
Phi.; Vice-President Class '01-'02; Secretary Society
'01; Second Critic Society '02; Instructor
in Chemistry '02-'03.





THOMAS PECK SPRUNT

CHARLESTON, S. C.

"By my troth, my little body is aweary of this great world."

19 years; 6 feet; 150 pounds; Course A. B.; K. A.; Eu.; Secretary and Treasurer Class '99-'00; Class Baseball Team; Toastmaster Soph Banquet; Second Vice-President Student-Body '01-'02.



Destiny

Out of the awful throne of God, full, deep, and wide,
Flows forth the stream of Destiny, a limpid tide;
Into our life with purest clarity it rolls,—
The vessels giving to the formless, form, our souls.

—William Gilmer Perry.



Senior Class History

The Acts of the Threes

AND it came to pass in the second year before the destruction of Tammany and the rebuilding of the Old Chapel, that John Bunyan, the Joker, convoked an assembly of the Wise Men of Davidson and quoth unto them thusly:

Hearken unto me, O ye knowing ones, and give heed to the utterances of my cavernous mouth. Behold, the ignorance of the land has become a stench unto our nostrils and a reproach unto our superior knowledge. Moreover, one of the four tribes has gone out from among us laden with valuable information and sheep-skins. Now, therefore, get ye abroad unto the four corners of the earth and basely deceive the fathers of the land, that they send their sons to this great Headlight of Civilization to get their little lamps lighted, and that we may keep our heads in the college crib a little longer. And, if any of you fail to do this thing, then will I cut off your funds forever.

Now, when he had made an end to these sayings, Henry, son of Smith, and Thomas, the Perrinite, were exceedingly troubled and gat them diligently to work, the latter beyond the Catawba, in the region of sand-lappers, and the former on this side, so that many were deceived by them.

But as for the other Wise Men, behold, they sat still in their tents and communed among themselves, shooting craps, yet were their funds not cut off.

And in the ninth month of the same year those who had been deceived came up unto Davidson. And they were called the Naughty Threes.

And the other tribes received them with vigorous demonstrations of joy, and immediately purified them with water, drawn from the great stone laver, after the manner of the college. And all the other tribes clapped their hands and shouted with one accord, "Hot Times in the Old Town Tonight," but the Threes mourned greatly on account of this thing and cried, "Oh, Ain't it a Shame?"

Now the tribe chose as their leader William, of the house of Patterson; a man of very low statue but excelling in great ideas, after the manner of Zaccheus. But when tribulations came and floods descended upon the people, behold, they looked for their leader and he was not, for he had sequestered himself under some college property. And the tribe was wroth on account of this thing and fired William and elected in his stead Harry, the Caldwellite, a man short in but few respects and possessed of a marvelous knee action, by the aid of which he led the tribe at a prodigious speed.

And when the wise men heard of the afflictions of this people they also visited plagues upon them to the number of seven: Chapel Service, Syllabus, Physics, English, Latin, Greek and Math. Of these plagues the last three were the most iniquitous, so that many of those who withstood the others petered on account of these. And the people were sore distressed on account of these things and lusted after the soda fountains and loafing resorts of their native land. But after nine months there was peace, and the tribe returned, every man unto his own home.

Howbeit, at the end of three months the people returned unto the land of Davidson, and chose as their leader Kirkpatrick, a persistent pusher of the pig-skin, and a lover of all beautiful damsels.

And the people stretched forth their hands to vex certain of the mentally stunted, but the Wise Men forbade them. And the people waxed venomous on account of this thing and made war against the Wise Men.

And it came to pass after six months the tribe prepared a great feast, and the people cried: Send for Henry, son of Smith, that he may make us sport. And they sent for him and sat him down in their midst and guyed him sorely. And he was greatly dismayed on account of this thing, yet he grinned and bore it.

And it came to pass at the end of another nine months that John Bunyan, the Joker, spake unto Henry, son of Smith, saying: Behold, this tribe is too much for me, because I am grown old. Now, therefore, I pray thee, take my mantle and staff and go out against them, or they will run over us and take charge of the college.

Now for this year the tribe chose as its leader Plumer, of the Mills tribe, a man whose hair was like unto the gilded sunset and beauteous to behold. The people honored him greatly for what he knew and pitied him for what he thought he knew. And the people said unto him: Go to now, lead us against this son of Smith, for we wot not what sort of man he is.

And when Henry, son of Smith, heard that the Threes were coming he went out to meet them, and said unto them: Ye are a proud and stiff-necked people and not obedient to the powers that be. Now, therefore, will I visit you with greater plagues than those you have suffered before. For where John Bunyan, the Joker, required of you sixty measures of knowledge, behold, I will require seventy; yea, my J. Henry's hand will be more massive than the Joker's boot.

And it came to pass, when the people heard these things, that they chased him over beyond Lake Wiley and returned every man to his house. But the son of Smith sojourned a very little in the land of Davidson that year, for he said he must be about the Twentieth Century business (?).

And after these things the Threes said one to another: Let us gather the people of the land together and orate unto them, for we be possessed of much knowledge. And the people gathered unto them and the tribe spake

unto them of the issues of the day, and pleased the people of the land so that they were spellbound. And after these things the people of the land returned home laden with knowledge.

And after these things the people chose as their leader Bill Dunn, the Jackson-hamite, a chaser of dears. Now about this time the son of Smith returned and began to vex the people. And the people said unto their leader: Up, Bill, and lead us against this son of Smith, that we may completely annihilate him. But Henry, son of Smith, said unto them: Ye had better get to work, for behold if any of you have failed to make the required seventy measures of knowledge him will I put back among the other tribes.

And when the people heard these things they waxed wrathful, and said unto the son of Smith: Behold, thou talkest as one who is gay. Now, therefore, get ye over beyond Mt. Shearer, or we will batter thy mug.

Then was Henry, son of Smith, exceedingly frightened, so that his knees knocked out fire, the one from the other. And he cried unto the Threes, saying: What will ye that I give unto you? And they said: Sheepskins. If thou wilt give them unto us at the end of nine months we will let thee live in peace. If thou wilt not give them unto us then we will value blood as cheaply as circus lemonade and college property as the dust of the earth.

Then answered Henry, son of Smith, and said unto them: Surely I will give unto thee sheepskins and any other moveable college property ye may desire if ye will only let me live in peace.

And the Threes spake one to another, saying: Let us buy mortar boards and vestures, that we may appear different from the other tribes. And to some of the people these robes gave the appearance of much dignity; to others they gave the appearance of Irish washerwomen. Nevertheless the people were contented. And at the end of four years Henry, son of Smith, gladly gave unto each man a sheep-skin, graven with heathenish hieroglyphics. And the tribe returned every man to his native land, for they were ignorant no longer, but exceedingly wise.

Now as for the other chronicles of the Threes, behold, are they not found in the prophecy of the Tribe?



Senior Class Prophecy

'Twas on a cold and bleak December night.
Outside the elements so raged it seemed
As if Old Boreas from the cave of winds
Had loosed all the demons of the blast
And sent them moaning, shrieking 'round my room.
In contrast to the raging storm without,
Within was naught but warmth and comfort found;
The fire upon the hearth was burning bright
And casting flickering shadows on the walls;
While I, reclining in my easy chair
Thought what a night this was for sleep.
This thought, if not the father of the deed
Was its forerunner, for I soon was in
That pleasant land where Morpheus reigns supreme.

I dreamt of days spent at old Davidson.
Those happy, careless days gone to return
No more. Up rose both joys and sorrows; but
The sorrows, mellowed by the ten long years
Of ceaseless battling with the unkind world,
Soon faded from my mind: while joys still move
My heart beat with the hallowed memories
Of that sweet past which I shall ne'er forget.
I seemed to see once more my classmates, now
Unseen except with the eyes of memory;
And with this vision came a wish that I
Might know where they all were and what
Each one was doing for a livelihood.

Ah! had I touched Aladdin's wondrous lamp?
Was this some spirit of the unknown world
Come to make real my wish? Yes, I had touched
A magic Talisman, and here was my
Conductor, ready to transport me now
To each of those I had desired to see.

At once I was
In Davidson again, and my conductor led
Me to a hall from which arose a stench
Most foul and most unbearable, and here
Was Rogers hard at work in teaching those
Strange creatures, who are known as Fresh, to play
With bottles, tubes and most obnoxious fumes.
The Genie, with a shriek most horrible,
Conveyed me out into the open air;
And now we saw approaching us a tall
And learned person whom I recognized
As one of my old classmates—yes it was

The famous Dr. Wilson Plumer Mills,
 A teacher of that science which he called
 His Metaphysics. He of late had won
 Renown by proving in a concise way
 That Latin "Ego" is translated "I."
 No sooner had I shaken Lengthy's hand
 And asked him of the whereabouts of Skit
 Than I, amazed, was snatched up through the air,
 Transported miles and miles, till out of breath,
 I found myself let down into a mine
 Where Bailey, black with soot and dust, was hard
 At work. My breath was spent or else it sure
 Had left me then, to see this prodigy!
 "How comes it, Skit, I see thee in this plight?"
 "I'm here," he said, "to boss and not to work."
 "I understand," quoth I, but ere my tongue
 Could frame another word, the scene was changed.
 I stood before a tiny country school.
 The day was warm, and through the open door
 I saw Bill Dunn. Ye gods! was ever man
 So fat? The sweat rolled down his face in streams.
 The kids were sitting bolt upright with fear.
 On seeing me this pedagogue dismissed
 The school; and when they all had gone he fell
 Upon my neck and wept for joy. I learned
 That he was much esteemed in all that place,
 And by the district board was dearly loved,
 From whom he drew his pay.
 From him I learned the fate of Anderson
 Who is a pharmacist of great renown—
 He makes his living by compounding pills
 And other things. His "Soothing Syrup" is his
 Specialty. On this he's raised some seven lusty boys.
 His name is found on every box of his
 Far-famed stock foods and barn-yard remedies.
 To Charleston now the Genie leads my steps;
 And soon we walk the streets of that old town.
 Now turning down a dingy street and dark—
 I saw the sign, "T. Sprunt and A. L. Mills.
 Old Clothes Here Bought and Sold." I stop before
 A low, dark, dirty shop, with coats and pants
 Behind the greasy window panes displayed.
 The door was barred, the owners were both "out,"
 I wonder where!
 In Memphis, Tennessee, was "Little Kirk."
 The steep and slippery path of Senior Chem.
 By him had been surmounted. There he was
 With all his might and main endeavoring
 Th' amount of saccharine ingredient
 Contained in a new brand of ginger cakes
 To find. But 'twas not by his magic art
 Of Chemistry, he did this arduous task,

He'd found "a way much easier," he said,
 And I'll vouchsafe that it much better was!
 My Genie guide was puzzled sore to find
 Kid Arrowood: but 'twas not long before
 We found him in a cottage by the sea.
 It was a lovely nest, out there, away
 From all the world of sin and woe. And Kid—
 God save his vanity—with brush in hand,
 Before a mirror large, his golden locks
 Was smoothing with great care. His children played
 About the floor; while Mrs. "Kid," excuse me—
 Arrowood, was darning Willie's socks.
 We next found Beaty in a little church
 In western Carolina holding forth.
 Despite the weather warm and gnats and flies
 And babies yelling loud, this brave divine
 Could preach for hours upon his favorite text,
 "Owe no man anything."
 Behind a pestle-tail, bell cord in hand,
 Stood Parson Knox. The high vocation which
 He thought was his, decreed by fate, he found
 He must give up, and to the cornfield turn
 His energies.
 Once more the scene is changed again, and I
 Within the Senate walls am led
 By Genie Sprite. McQueen is on the floor.
 The house is in a deathly stillness while
 This Modern Nestor speaks with winged words.
 He takes his seat; then all around breaks forth
 Applause tremendous. But there is one who makes
 A noise, heard loud above the rest. I look,
 And high up in the gallery I find
 The cause of such disturbance, for up there
 Sat Duffy proud. Applauding with his feet.
 "Come, Spirit, lead me from this awful din."
 No sooner said than down through corridors
 Of marble floors I'm led, until I meet
 R. Johnston and H. A., each hard at work—
 With finger crooked in button-hole of some
 Bright, enterprising Senator—to lobby through
 A bill providing for the use of gas,
 In Norfolk, free.
 Once more I'm lifted up and hurled through space,
 Methinks I must have gone half round the globe;
 For when I struck old Mother Earth again
 I found myself upon an unknown land—
 Y'clept by natives—Zanzibuly Isle.
 The blood was froze within me by the sight
 That met my eyes. 'Twas Caldwell that I saw,
 Bound hand and foot, surrounded by a crowd
 Of hungry cannibals. But at the sight
 Of me let down from heaven, as they thought,

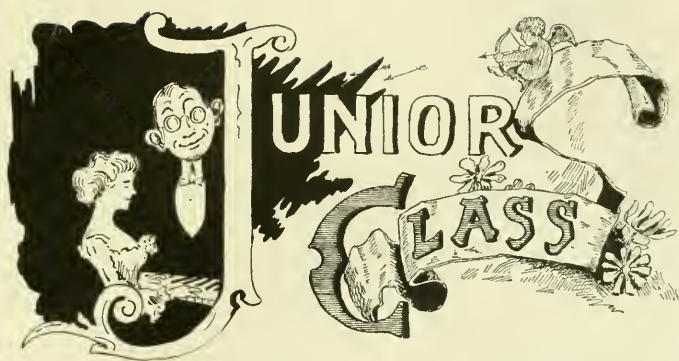
The savages, with terror and wild shrieks,
 Precipitously fled and left us there.
 His bonds were soon unloosed, and then he told
 Me how to this base island he had come
 To bring the heathen tidings of great joy.
 I left him there, "For now," said he, "I'll live
 In peace. They'll think you were the devil."
 Not hurt at all to be considered thus
 By those who knew no better, I bade him
 Adieu.
 Out in the country of my native land
 I found myself transported once again,
 And by a hot and dusty road I saw
 Two figures ragged and forlorn. They sat
 And talked. "O, Pete," said one, "just think of what
 A happy life 'twould be if we could free
 From dirt and dust our bodies keep." "Dear Blake,"
 Said Pete, "I'd rather much have plenty food
 To eat." A peddler rudely interrupts
 This earnest conversation with his cries:
 "I've pins and needles; anything you want."
 On coming near I saw his hair was red,
 And then with pride I recognized P. P.
 But I must hasten on.
 The busy streets of Marianna now
 I walk. And up upon the thirteenth floor
 Of a large tenement I wend my way.
 'Tis here I find a man with hair unkempt
 And long. I recognize poor Daffin.
 Behind a pile of manuscript he works,
 With solemn mien, endeavoring to find,
 In this rejected stuff, a thought from which
 To write another poem.
 From this sad scene my Genie leads me to
 The elevator, where I see, with rope
 In hand, our little Pat. He seemed to love
 His job. "Except for this," he said, and wiped
 A tear, "the girls won't patronize."
 Once more to Davidson I'm led
 And here, within the Math. room dark, I find
 McMurray teaching Math., with book in hand.
 The book, you all should know, was not the same
 His pupils used. It was a "Teacher's Key."
 A beam of light from somewhere fell athwart
 My face, and I awoke. 'Twas morning's ray.
 How sweet had been those dreamy hours to me,
 Those fleeting visions of Old Nineteen-three.

Ahmed's Way

There were two brothers—so the story reads—
Ahmed and Omar, who by noble deeds
Desired to purchase immortality ;
Some work perform, of which the world might say :
“ Ahmed and Omar blessed their kind this way.”
Omar with wedge and rope uplifted high
An obelisk whose summit pointed to the sky.
On this with skillful hand devices fair
He carved, inscribing noble figures there.
“ Sure, Omar's name,” he said, “ will come to be
The synonym of liberality,
For he who pleasure gives unto his kind
Must be esteemed a man of liberal mind.”
Ahmed, with deeper wisdom, sought a drear
And desert place, and there he digged a well
Where weary travellers their thirst might quell.
There graceful date-palms cast their cooling shade,
Whose luscious fruits the climber's search repaid.
. Decades of years have fled,
Ahmed and Omar numbered with the dead,
And Omar's lofty dreams of good were vain,
His failure writ in ruins on the plain.
Not so when pilgrims visit Ahmed's well,
For resting 'neath the palms, they grateful spell
The cheering words cut in the rock, and say :
“ Allah be praised that Ahmed passed this way !”

L'envoi.

Oh thou who standing at life's open gate
Art filled with aspiration to be great,
Inscribe thy name upon the hearts of men
In helpful deeds, written thereon with pen
Of love. Then shall thy grateful fellows say :
“ Thank God that such a man has passed this way !”



Organization Class 1904

R. D. DICKSON, *President*

C. A. CORNELSON, *Vice-President*

L. W. WHITE, *Sec. and Treas.*

J. W. CURRIE, *Historian*

Motto

"Tentare est valere."

Colors

Blue and Gray

Yell

Whoop-la ! Rah ! Sis, boom, bah !

Blue and Gray ! Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Boomalaka, Boomalaka, Boomalaka, ho !

D. C. N. C. Nineteen Four !



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class Roll

For the Degree of A. B.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|----------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----------------------------|
| R. H. ADAMS | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Laurens, South Carolina |
| W. W. BAIN | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Wade, North Carolina |
| C. L. BLACK | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Davidson, North Carolina |
| E. B. CARR | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Sofe, North Carolina |
| W. E. COOPER | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Hogansville, Georgia |
| C. A. CORNELSON | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Orangeburg, South Carolina |
| J. W. CURRIE | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Davidson, North Carolina |
| R. D. DICKSON | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Raeford, North Carolina |
| W. H. DuBOSE | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Soochow, China |
| P. S. EASLEY | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Black Walnut, Virginia |
| R. T. GILLESPIE, JR. | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Rock Hill, South Carolina |
| J. F. GORRELL | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Greensboro, North Carolina |
| T. J. HUTCHISON | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Rock Hill, South Carolina |
| E. D. KERR | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Rankin, North Carolina |
| R. G. McALILEY | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Chester, South Carolina |
| M. L. McKINNON | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Hartsville, South Carolina |
| J. W. McNEILL | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Vass, North Carolina |
| J. C. ROWAN | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Carthage, North Carolina |
| H. W. SHANNON | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Gastonia, North Carolina |
| B. G. TEAM, JR. | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Camden, South Carolina |
| M. A. THOMPSON | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Charlotte, North Carolina |
| R. K. TIMMONS | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Columbia, South Carolina |
| J. M. WATTS | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Fancy Hill, North Carolina |
| L. W. WHITE, JR. | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Abbeville, South Carolina |
| G. M. WILCOX | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Elberton, Georgia |

For the Degree of B. S.

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----------------------------|
| J. A. CANNON | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Concord, North Carolina |
| T. H. DEGRAFFENREID | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Chester, South Carolina |
| J. S. MORSE | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Abbeville, South Carolina |
| T. B. PEIRCE | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Warsaw, North Carolina |
| F. K. SPRATT | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Chester, South Carolina |
| W. P. SPRUNT | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Wilmington, North Carolina |
| N. T. WAGNER | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Asheville, North Carolina |

History of Class 1904

ON looking back over the past three years we are astounded at the rapidity with which this eventful time has flown. Yes, it is indeed true: "We spend our years as a tale that is told;" for it seems only yesterday that the class of Naught Four, fifty-six guileless youths, came up to drink from the far-famed fountain of learning. That fifty-six was a motley crowd. All sizes and shapes were in evidence; while seemingly not only different nationalities, from Jew to Chinaman, but various species of the animal kingdom, from a bull to a catfish, had also sent representatives. After rigid analysis it was impossible to determine to what genus one member of the band belonged; so he was duly labelled "Nihil."

We finally got together, however, and organized with F. L. Black as supreme ruler. Everything considered, Naught Four progressed fairly well during the early part of her existence; for she was, withal, a quiet kind and took what was coming with philosophic calmness.

When the balmy days of Indian Summer were passed and November's chilling breezes had come, a rumor became rampant that first-year men were apt to experience doleful woes whenever the Snow God saw fit to visit the earth. What these calamities might be, did not at first transpire, but we were convinced that every means should be adopted to keep off the unwelcome guest.

Late one evening in early winter the skies began to assume a suspiciously leaden hue. There was trouble in the camp; for several upper-classmen had been observed to glance at the clouds, and then to go on their way "rejoicing as a strong man to *run a race*." By night-fall the wind had arisen, and as it swept through the dark and gloomy halls, along with it were borne strains of the old war chant: "You had better take him home before he dies."

Then it was Peter, the great Hursey, stood up in his wrath and gathered together those of his beloved classmates who could be induced to assemble. Collecting around Peter, rightly named, for to his trembling comrades he seemed truly a *rock* in a weary land, we listened and heard from his prophetic lips that unless something were done there was going to be one of the biggest snow storms that had ever happened.

Many were the wild suggestions made. One man proposed that we take refuge under the sheltering wing of Bill Joe, who it was argued would gladly shed many drops of precious gore in defense of the unfortunate; another that we leave College and go home; another that the whole crowd,

with bag and baggage, light out for the city of Cornelius. But it remained for the prophet who had convoked the meeting to suggest what appeared to be the safest course.

He said: "Let us pray."

Many strong men have bowed in the agony of soul; many notable invocations have issued from mortal lips. Away back in the twilight of fable, fierce Hector, "the Tamer of Horses," and Chryses, the priest, as he "strolled in his sorrow along the shore of the sounding sea," both voiced petitions which have come down to us through all past generations. But no man ever sent forth, and no congregation ever heard a more fervent prayer than was delivered on that night. Deep, slow and solemn came at first our Peter's husky accents; but as the spirit moved more vigorously his voice increased in volume, while higher and shriller rose the heartfelt pleas. All stood enraptured with his eloquence. When he finished—through sheer lack of wind—though at first kneeling, he was on tiptoe upon the highest piece of furniture in the room, both arms stretched at full length toward the ceiling. To that last utterance: "If the clouds must fall tonight, O-o-o-h let it be *rain!*" all shouted with one accord: "Amen, amen, yes, let it be *rain!*"

The next morning the snow was ten inches deep; not dry, but damp snow; the kind out of which the hardest and roundest balls are made, balls that can be thrown with considerable accuracy.

During these days many things happened to our notable class; but events followed so rapidly that it was impossible to record them. We learned to move with unusual alacrity. McKinnon and Hutch developed strides that have been the envy of every class to this day. There was some talk of expelling Peter from our midst, but cooler heads prevailed and he was allowed to remain on *certain conditions*.

After these stirring events, nothing out of the ordinary took place till the baseball fever began to rage. Naught Four raised a mighty team and went forth to battle on the diamond. Currie, the twirler, was put in the box, but he was soon disabled, and Smith, the swift downshooter, twirled in his stead. We won much glory, but with characteristic philanthropy allowed one of the other classes to win the cup.

On the following September we assumed the name and propensities of Sophomores. Several worthy members failed to appear at the second matriculation, among them the renowned Hursey, who they say is now preaching in Texas. It is reported that he is doing excellent work, though some maintain on good authority that he has departed from one of the time-honored church customs: the holding of mid-weekly prayer meetings. Why he is delinquent in this particular is a constant source of speculation.

At the second election Joel, the Morseback, was chosen to succeed our former ruler who, having imbibed many copious draughts of wisdom, had

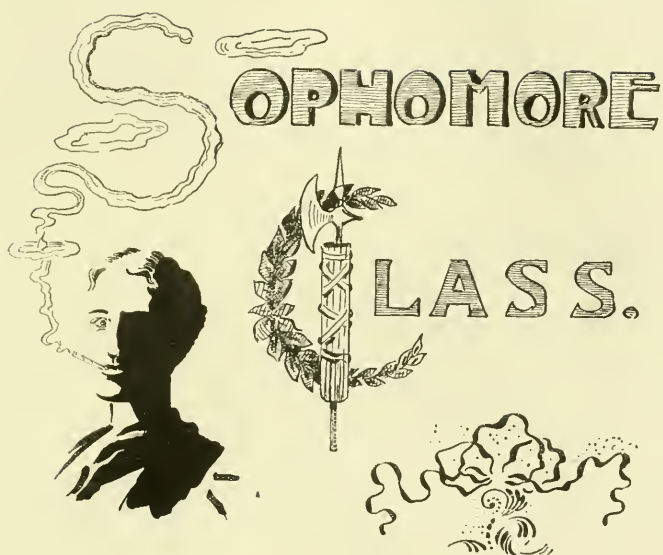
left us to take charge of a large banking establishment. It was not till this year that Naught Four began to realize her own importance and power; but when she did there was "something doing." To show her hardihood she tackled the great Ringtailed Roarer in his own den, and there amid the thundering crash of test-tubes and funk bottles, the sickening odor of brimstone and scorching flesh, after a long and bloody struggle, she wrung from her enemy his recipe for making H_2S .

Justly proud of this victory we decided to have a banquet. Arrangements were accordingly made for a monstrous spread at the Sloan Hotel. It had been said by certain caluminators that Naught Four, although she had established a record for scholarship unsurpassed by all preceding classes, was, after all, a one-sided affair; for, being all brains and lacking in gastric capacity, she would be in a poor way to enjoy the good things of this life. This theory was completely overthrown on the night of the feast by one of the most brilliant achievements around the festive board that was ever attained at Davidson. Again in the Spring athletic contest this indomitable band was victorious. The order of march established during the memorable snow was maintained.

This brings us down to the present age, in which, under the guidance of the dauntless Dickson, we have already begun to look forward to the time when, having exhausted the well of knowledge, we shall go forth to enlighten mankind in general. Indeed, so eager is Naught Four to serve suffering humanity that she decided to anticipate somewhat and, summoning the people on the 22d of last February, she interpreted the signs of the times and gave instructions as to the various ways in which our proud nation may become to the world a "thing of delight and joy forever."

Let us henceforth continue to be strong, brave and vigilant; for we believe that Naught Four, in the words of Rusty, the fire-spitter, has a mission to perform, a destiny to fulfill.





Organization Class of 1905

T. K. CURRIE, *President*

C. D. FORNEY, *Vice-President*

W. T. THOMPSON, *Sec'y and Treas.*

G. N. BUTLER, *Historian*

Motto

"Facere sine jactantia"

Colors

Purple and Gold

Yell

Boo-la-ra ! Boo-la-ra ! Wah-hoo-wah !

Facere sine jactantia ;

Purple and Gold, Kaka loo kive !

Vive la ! vive la ! nineteen five !



SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class Roll

For the Degree of A. B.

[illegible]

For the Degree of B. S.

[illegible]

History of Class 1905

A Chapter From the "History of the War Against the Nine Tyrants"

AFTER a delightful truce of three months did the old warriors, who had formerly waged war against the Faculty, return to the Hill to renew the struggle for another nine months. The leaders of the different classes assembled their armies, encamped about the walls of Davidson, and thus addressed the hosts: "Ye all know that ere long we must get allies to assist us in our fight, for many men have we lost since last spring and victory must be ours."

So it happened that in the year 1901 a "fresh" army came against Davidson. Now must a chief be chosen who might lead this new array into battle. One dark night, at the appointed place, this chief was chosen; neither lacked he courage, for this same night did he lead the warriors into the campus. A terrific war-cry rent the air, more terrible than the thunder of Zeus, but immediately did the besieged pour forth from the walls of the college and the new-born heroes made a hasty retreat, each choosing his own course.

But what need be there to describe this year of trouble, when so many fell in battle, when so many were drenched with great bags of water, thrown from the walls, when their blood-thirsty allies turned against them, and with leathern belts did wreak their vengeance upon the Freshmen for injuries which they themselves had received from their enemies. Why, then, do you wonder so great a part came not back this fall to renew this seemingly useless struggle?

The war goes on and each day brings its trials and its joys. This year must a new leader again be chosen, so at the council was Currie, the wise and valiant, chosen to be over-lord of all the Sophomores, who should lead them in their exploits.

Two days passed, and upon the third did the Sophomores march against Wooly. Chariots drawn with ponies did charge on him in front and in the rear, so that a great tumult ensued. Kindled was Wooly's wrath, and he turned and rushed into the conflict, swift as a race horse whirls a chariot across the plain. Terrible was his look as he waved aloft over his head the Latin text against which few could stand. On he rushed into battle, slaying as he went. Stirewalt would have met him, but that voice within spake: "Fight not with Wooly, lest he slay thee." Thereupon did Wooly rout the army, pursuing in all directions the fleeing hosts, neither did he cease to slay until they were without the doors of the Latin room.

Thus spoke a learned man: "Surely it is madness that we strive not with Long John, for though his countenance be fierce, and though his head

reacheth up into the clouds, yet he is not the mightiest nor the most valiant of the Faculty." But, lo! when the hosts came against Long John did they find all the Nine Tyrants gathered together within and prepared for battle. This day were the Sophs not afraid, so they met their enemies man against man, while the weapons clashed with a great ringing sound. First, Long John sprang forward and the Faculty followed him with a great shout; then came the Ringtail Roarer, with his H₂S generator, from which the fumes escaped like a blast such as Zeus might send down from Ida into the plains to destroy the peoples of the earth. At last, Dickie, not valiant in arms but skilled in the arts of war, the most cunning of all, brought up the rear. Thereupon did the Sophs enter within, driving their enemies before them, while the walls were shaken to their very foundations by the shouts of victory. No Professor held his ground. Tommy alone remained, who, being sore afraid, did cry to the gods for aid. Thus was the battle stopped and the Sophs retired to their rooms.

Once only was the revenge due these merciless Tyrants taken upon the lesser allies, and that night was the silence broken by piercing shrieks that rent the air, while all the while the sound of paddles kept perfect time to the tune.

Still do we besiege the Faculty; still do we seek that blessed peace which never comes. Sometimes is a truce made, and then there is time for sport, but the truce does not last forever, and again must we plan a work in order that the next day we may either slay or be slain. "The victory must be won by stratagem," says a seer. Now we will slay Wooly and Dickie, not with a wooden horse, but by means of a little claybank pony, and may we hope that some beautiful, warm spring day, when the cloud of war has rolled away, Project, with his allies, will lie slain, while '05 marches off victorious.

A Fairy.

Little fairy
 Light and airy,
 Tell me now, I long to know:
 Do you think the flowers weep
 While we sleep—
 Is it tears that we call dew?
 Then the fairy
 Light and airy,
 Whispered this, and called it true!
 "No," she said, "while you are sleeping
 They're not weeping,
 Only bathing their sweet faces
 In the dew—
 That adorned with added graces
 They may greet their Lord anew,
 When Night's done!" O. H.

The Flower of Catawba

[Written to his Sweetheart by Philo Henderson, Class '43.]

Down in a fair, romantic vale
Where willows weep, and to the gale
 Their sighing branches fling,
A peerless flower unfolds its leaves
When eve her mystic mantle weaves
 And twilight waves its wing.

And never since that golden morn
When earliest flowers of time were born
 'Neath Eden's cloudless sky,
Has evening shed its weeping dew
Or stars looked from their home of blue
 On one with it could vie.

For that sweet flower the silent wave
That weeps beneath the Indian's grave
 And echoes still his song,
As it sweeps onward to the sea
Pours strains of plaintive melody
 Its winding shores along.

To it was at its natal hour,
By her who reigns in Flora's bower
 Immortal beauty given;
And when from off its native shore
It greets the evening star no more,
Where Eden's sunny waters pour
 'Twill fadeless bloom in heaven.



Organization of Class 1906

President

B. R. SMITH - - - - - - Asheville, North Carolina

Vice-President

H. T. MILLS - - - - - - Greenville, South Carolina

Secretary and Treasurer

R. KING - - - - - - - Summerville, Georgia

Historian

E. W. WOOD - - - - - - - Aiken, South Carolina

Colors

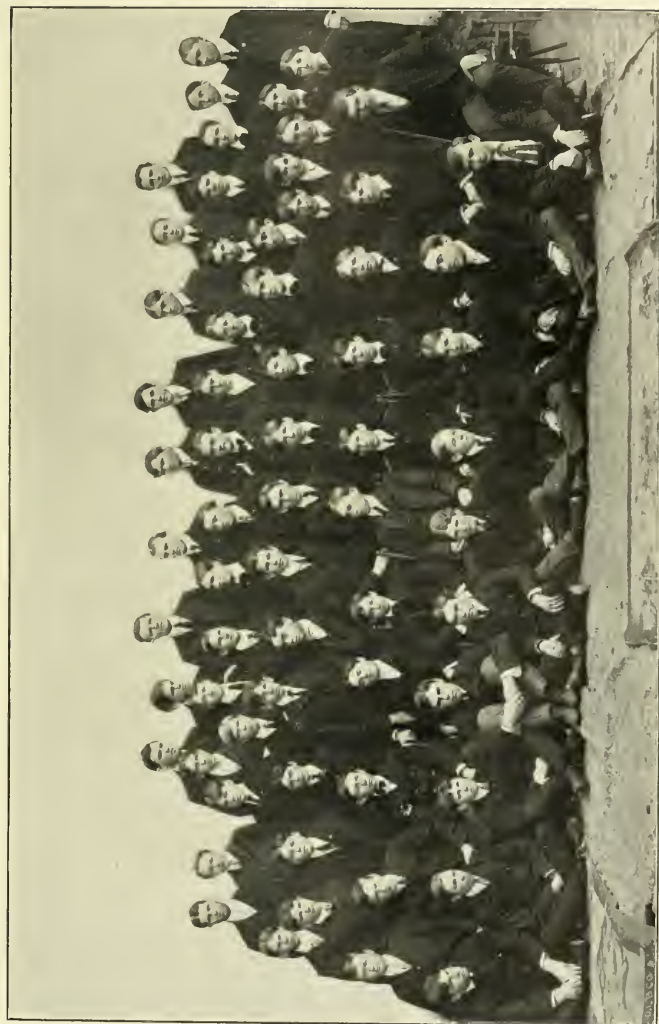
Red and Gray

Motto

Aut Viam Inveniemus Aut Faciemus

Yell

Hurrah! Hurrah! Yazoo Ray!
Yazoo! Razoo! Red and Gray!
Whoop-la! Whoop-la! Rip-ra-rix!
D. C. N. C. Nineteen Six!



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class Roll

For the Degree of A. B.

BAILEY, W. T., Greenwood, S. C.

BLACK, W. E., Davidson, N. C.

BROWN, J. B., Charlotte, N. C.

CARTER, B. H., California Creek, N. C.

COLEMAN, J. F., Soddy, Tenn.

DENTON, J. B., Dalton, Ga.

ERWIN, E. J., Morganton, N. C.

FAISON, Y. W., Charlotte, N. C.

GIBSON, J. L., Fancy Hill, N. C.

GOFORTH, S. W., Spear, N. C.

GREENLEE, J. H., Marion, N. C.

HAY, S. H., Liberty Hill, S. C.

HASSELL, A. P., Hickory, N. C.

HENDERSON, E. H., Aiken, S. C.

IRWIN, H., Charlotte, N. C.

JACKSON, F. L., Gastonia, N. C.

JAMES, A. L., Laurinburg, N. C.

JAMES, H., Laurinburg, N. C.

JOHNSON, W. D., St. Pauls, N. C.

KING, R., Summerville, Ga.

LACY, B. R., Raleigh, N. C.

MANN, J. O., Barium Springs, N. C.

MCCOLL, W. E., Hasty, N. C.

McKAY, H. W., Mayesville, S. C.

McKEITHEN, E. T., Aberdeen, N. C.

MOORE, J. L., Rock Hill, S. C.

MOORE, J. W., McConnellsville, S. C.

NICHOLSON, W. A., Charlotte, N. C.

ROSEBOROUGH, J. W., Union Springs, Ala.

STEELE, L. A., Charlotte, N. C.

TIMMONS, H. L., Columbia, S. C.

WILDS, L. T., Columbia, S. C.

YEARGAN, C. B., Marecot, Ala.

For the Degree of B. S.

| | |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| ADAMS, J. L., Asheville, N. C. | |
| BONNOIT, A. G., Darlington, S. C. | BROWN, P. R., Charlotte, N. C. |
| CRANFORD, J. F., Davidson, N. C. | |
| CROSWELL, H. M., Wilmington, N. C. | DISMUKES, J. P., Acworth, Ga. |
| FETZER, W. M., Concord, N. C. | |
| FINLEY, E. G., North Wilkesboro, N. C. | HARRIS, W. M., Jupiter, N. C. |
| HILL, O. R., Davidson, N. C. | |
| HOUGH, J. C., Kershaw, S. C. | IVES, M. B., Orlando, Fla. |
| LENTZ, C. M., Albemarle, N. C. | |
| MCDONALD, J. C., Hoods, N. C. | MILLS, H. T., Greenville, S. C. |
| MORROW, E., Davidson, N. C. | |
| RICHARDSON, H. S., Greensboro, N. C. | ROZZELLE, J. H., Cornelius, N. C. |
| SAVAGE, K. E., Norfolk, Va. | |
| SMALLWOOD, R. F., New Berne, N. C. | SMITH, B. R., Asheville, N. C. |
| STEARNS, T., Asheville, N. C. | |
| TAYLOR, H. P., Winston-Salem, N. C. | TORRANCE, H., Charlotte, N. C. |
| VANLANDINGHAM, J. H., Charlotte, N. C. | |
| WILLIAMS, F. M., Phoenix, N. C. | WOOD, E. W., Aiken, S. C. |
| WILKES, F., Sylva, N. C. | |

Electric

| | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| ANDERSON, T. P., Westminster, S. C. | BAKER, J. M., Fernandina, Fla. |
| HENDERSON, D. S., Aiken, S. C. | |



History of the Class of 1906

SOME people have an idea that College life is the happiest and most pleasant period in one's life, but the Freshman's first impression of it is entirely different. It may be that Sophomores enjoy it, they certainly seem to.

When we first arrived on "the hill" we were very innocent and rather trusting, which doesn't pay, for some people, you know, will take advantage of the innocence and truthfulness of others, which is wrong, I think.

The first night after our arrival, some of our friends (?), the Sophomores, came around visiting, singing as they came their familiar old song: "Oh, you Fresh you had better lie low;" and this common epithet has been hurled at us ever since. Its rather tiresome, too, but maybe its edifying.

The Sophs certainly seemed to be a fun-loving set of people, and great admirers of singing and dancing. Just as soon as they had gotten into the room they put one of the Freshmen on the table and requested him, in a rather threatening manner, to sing the laundry list, first to the tune of "Dixie," then "Home, Sweet Home," and so on. That night the laundry list was sung to more different tunes than any one set of words ever has been before. It may have been that the Sophs enjoyed all of that music, but the poor Freshmen that were singing certainly did not. Being aware that there were paddlers behind them serving in both a coaxing and stimulating manner, they would, indeed, be coaxed to proceed, and stimulated enough to keep their voices from failing them. They were also fond of dancing, as I said before, and so we had to serve them another course of amusement. It is rather embarrassing to get up before a crowd and jig the best you know how, and then have everybody laughing and yelling at you, especially when they are entire strangers to you. Some of us had not had much experience in dancing before we came, anyhow. However, we got our share of practice that night, and a great many of us have had some very good practice since then.

There is another thing peculiar about the Sophomores, and that is that they didn't want us to organize. On the night of September 4th, 1902, Fresh could be seen slipping noiselessly over the campus towards one of the houses in Davidson. We met in a room on the second floor, to which we had ascended by a back stairway. We organized, and a little temporary yell: "Rah, Rah, Re! Rah, Rah, Rix! D. C., N. C., 1906!" was composed by a committee that was appointed by the president pro-tem. When the meeting was over we all went out on the campus and gave our little yell,

thinking that the Sophs were nowhere near, and that we could escape before they could get there, but before we could finish our yell there seemed to be enough Sophs there to put to route a dozen Fresh classes. Some of us escaped from the "wrath to come" by running to the woods, but others ran right into the hands of the Sophs, and without much thinking you could guess the source of the mournful wails that resounded all over the campus.

The Sophomores, not being satisfied by the few they had caught that night, about a week afterwards made a midnight tour of our rooms, and before they finished every man had received his punishment and his coat of blacking.

But at last the class of '06 was organized properly with B. R. Smith, president; H. T. Mills, vice-president; Rob King, secretary and treasurer, and about seventy men on the roll. Then we went to work with a vim and determination to do, or be done, and many of us were done. We struggled manfully against the onslaughts of the professors, with a Freshman's greenness, and some of us fell by the wayside, some battled against the overwhelming odds, and some rose to high honors.

But the education obtained from our books, was not so valuable in our eyes as that obtained from the upper classmen. From them we learned all the essentials of true College spirit, and that nonchalance that characterizes a College-bred man. The Sophs coached us in the fine art of dancing, singing, throwing water, blacking, etc., the Juniors in indifference, and the Seniors in wisdom and dignity.

"Living Green."

The fields are bare, and Winter's chilling blast
Has caused the tender flowers to fall and die;
The beauties of the Summer all are passed,
The verdant grass no longer greets the eye.

We need not mourn the loss of grass and flowers,
Or grieve for beauty and for verdure gone—
Their greenness and their beauty still are ours
In Fresh that we may see both eve and morn.



Voices of Spring

"Summer is coming! Summer is coming!"

All of the wild-wood tells it,—
The bursting buds of the old oak trees,
The fragrant breath of the fluttering breeze,
The chattering brooks
In moss-clad nooks;
And the whispering fern-frond swells it.

"Summer is coming! Summer is coming!"

All of the meadow thrills it,—
The buttercup wrapt in a golden gleam,
The violet-cloud by the glancing stream,
The dogwood bright
With its robe of white;
And the lark's mad melody trills it.

"Summer is coming! Summer is coming!"

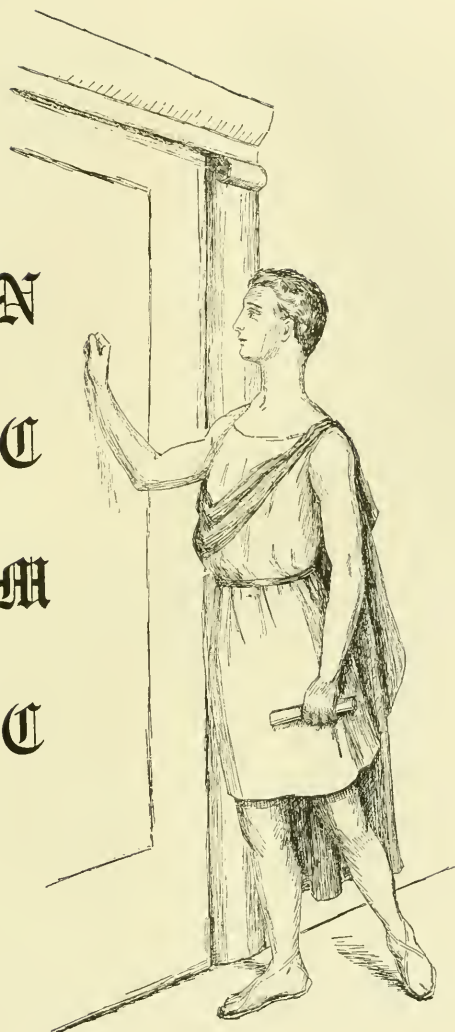
All of the sky proclaims it,—
The tender blue with its shimmering glow,
The wind-strewn midst like a web of snow,
The rain-drop gay
With a snared sun-ray;
And the glorious sunlight names it.

"Summer is coming! Summer is coming!"

And Love like a sea o'erflows it.
Flower and bird and the heart of man,—
'Twas ever thus since time began,—
Feel the mystic move
Of wakening love;
And all of the fair world knows it.

—William Gilmer Perry

N
C
M
C



Medical Class Directory

Officers

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------------------------------|
| JOHN A. BREWIN | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>President</i> |
| C. A. BAIRD | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| J. Q. MYERS | . | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> |

Colors

Red and White

Motto

Mens sana in corpore sano

Yell

Contre coup! Mumps and Croup!
Smallpox scar! Rah! Rah! Rah!
Red and White on Rods and Cones!
N. C. M. C. Skull and Bones!

U. M. C. A.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------------------------------|
| C. A. BAIRD | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>President</i> |
| C. J. MCCOMBS | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| J. Q. MYERS | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> |

Football

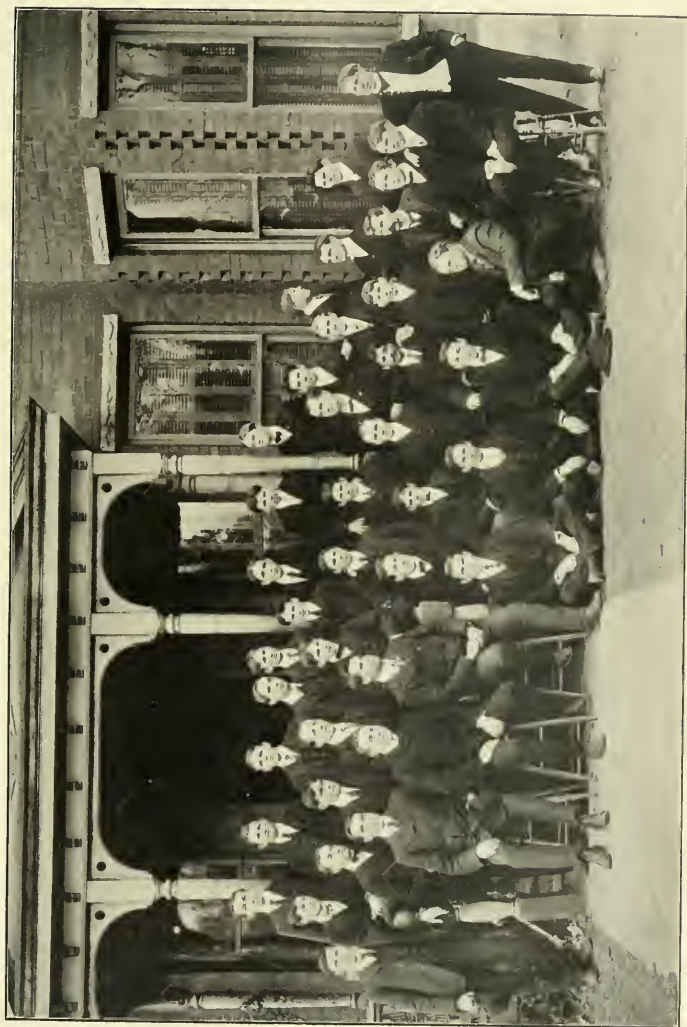
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|----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----------------|
| A. A. MCFADYEN | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Captain</i> |
| J. M. BOYCE | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Manager</i> |

Commencement Marshals

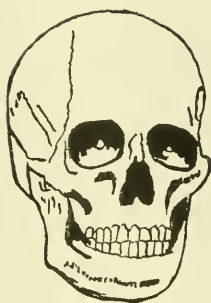
J. Q. MYERS, *Chief*

J. C. DYE
T. K. MARYOSIP

W. F. SMITH
H. E. ROME



MEDICAL COLLEGE GROUP



L. S. 189

Medical Class Roll

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| L. C. ADAMS, Jonesville, N. C. | |
| L. D. ALLEN, Thermal City, N. C. | L. J. ARNOLD, Sanford, N. C. |
| C. A. BAIRD, Christie, Va. | |
| A. M. BENTON, Evergreen, N. C. | A. E. BILLINGS, Viands, N. C. |
| J. F. BLAKE, Chadbourne, N. C. | |
| H. E. BOWMAN, Taylorsville, N. C. | J. M. BOYCE, Blacksburg, S. C. |
| R. H. BRADFORD, Charlotte, N. C. | |
| J. A. BREWIN, Boston, Mass. | M. V. BURRUS, Rockville, N. C. |
| M. M. CALDWELL, Concord, N. C. | |
| I. J. CAMPBELL, Yorkville, S. C. | L. J. COPPEDGE, Rockingham, N. C. |
| N. P. COPPEDGE, Rockingham, N. C. | |
| W. N. DALTON, Winston, N. C. | J. C. DYE, Fayetteville, N. C. |
| B. O. EDWARDS, Laurel Springs, N. C. | |
| J. B. ELLIOTT, Pineville, N. C. | D. L. FAUST, Liberty, N. C. |
| D. S. GEORGE, Buck Shoals, N. C. | |
| P. B. HALL, Belmont, N. C. | P. HALL, Reinhardt, N. C. |
| J. H. HARDIN, Sparta, N. C. | |
| T. HIGGINS, Ira, N. C. | H. H. HODGIN, Red Springs, N. C. |
| J. T. JUSTICE, Jacksonville, N. C. | |
| Z. K. JUSTICE, Hendersonville, N. C. | T. G. KELL, Ardrey, N. C. |
| J. F. LATON, Albemarle, N. C. | |
| J. J. LOTT, Broxton, Ga. | J. F. MARTIN, Fontville, N. C. |
| MISS MARY MARTIN, Davidson, N. C. | |

| | |
|-------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| T. K. MARYOSIP, Kaordistan, Turkey | C. J. McCOMBS, Mint Hill, N. C. |
| T. M. MCCOY, Huntersville, N. C. | |
| A. A. McDONALD, Pinehurst, N. C. | A. A. MCFADYGEN, Raeford, N. C. |
| D. C. MCINTYRE, Lumberton, N. C. | |
| C. E. MCLEAN, Point, S. C. | R. O. MCLEOD, McDonald, N. C. |
| W. C. MEBANE, Madison, N. C. | |
| H. M. MONTGOMERY, Burlington, N. C. | R. H. MOREFIELD, Vade Mecum, N. C. |
| J. Q. MYERS, Ira, N. C. | |
| W. C. OWEN, Fayetteville, N. C. | P. G. ROBERTS, Oscar, Va. |
| H. E. ROWE, Newton, N. C. | |
| H. C. SALMON, Buck Shoals, N. C. | E. H. SLOOP, Mooresville, N. C. |
| W. F. SMITH, Salisbury, N. C. | |
| J. J. STEWART, Newton, N. C. | W. M. STRONG, Charlotte, N. C. |
| J. W. SUMMERS, Asheville, N. C. | |
| S. F. TILLOTSON, Ale, N. C. | H. A. VARNER, Mill Bridge, N. C. |
| W. R. WELLBORNE, Wilkesboro, N. C. | |
| J. M. WELLS, Shelby, N. C. | C. L. Wilson, Newton, N. C. |
| J. I. WILSON, Caldwell, N. C. | |



TAKING HIS MEALS OUT.

Medical College Calendar



"CONNECTIVE TISSUE"

SEPTEMBER 4TH.—N. C. M. C. opens for business.

SEPTEMBER 5TH.—Dr. Maxwell posts a notice that he will meet the Histology Class at 11 o'clock. Fresh Blake sees the above notice and goes up and introduces himself.

SEPTEMBER 7TH.—Fresh Blake (to a second-year man at bulletin board) "Here's a notice that Dr. Maxwell will meet the first-year Materia Medica Class at 10:10; I don't see any use in me going over, I've met him once."

SEPTEMBER 16TH.—In consideration of the sum of 10 cents, Fresh Hardin swallows a fly with disastrous results to himself.

SEPTEMBER 17TH.—Senior Class meet to elect class officers. Montgomery is nominated for historian, but begs to have his name withdrawn on the ground that he doesn't know much about history. Maybe he doesn't, but he looks otherwise.

SEPTEMBER 18TH.—It is not Lot's wife, but Lot himself, who looks back this time, and old Bill Joe was the cause of it all.

SEPTEMBER 20TH.—The mountain moss-backs from the State of Wilkes land on the hill, loaded for bear. One of this party had the misfortune of getting a sample bottle of moonshine dew drops smashed in his suit case, and it turned all his clothes green.

OCTOBER 9TH.—Adams, the wild man from away back in the wilds of Western North Carolina, is found grazing on the campus.

OCTOBER 11TH.—Dr. Martin (on Senior Chemistry): "Mr. Burrus has not been on class for a week or more. Is he sick?"

Myers—"No, Doctor, he has retired—I mean he has left College."

Dr. Martin—"Town too hot for him, eh?"

Myers—"No, but Dr. Martin is."

OCTOBER 16TH.—Freshman: "Yes, I think every doctor ought to take a four year course. I expect to get a diplococcus here; pass the plank. Then I am going to take a post mortem degree at Johns Hopkins."

OCTOBER 21ST.—Varner and a cold wave strike the hospital simultaneously. He adapts himself to the occasion though, and cuts ice till his barlow breaks.

OCTOBER 22D.—"Little Cop." takes a maximum dose of a certain drug in order to learn its physiological effects, and, as a result, paints his face and hands with tr. of iodine as an antidote.

OCTOBER 24TH.—Dr. Maxwell: "Mr. Elliott, what is the treatment for Gelsemium poisoning?"

Elliott—"The first thing is to eliminate the stomach."

NOVEMBER 8TH.—Dr. Maxwell: "Mr. Hodgkin, what is a dose of reduced iron?"

Hodgkin—"Two or three ounces."

NOVEMBER 15TH.—Morris writes a prescription for insomnia:

℞ Sodii Bromidi, } a grs. iii.
Caffeinae Citratae, }

M. et. ft. in. chart. No. 1. Sig. take at bed time.

NOVEMBER 28TH.—Celebration of football victories: "Torch-light procession" by Student-body; "Snake Dance" by Doctor Munroe.

DECEMBER 10TH.—McLean (out walking near convict camp): "Is that the stockade?" Hall (his room-mate): "Yes; don't you see the stock tied all around it?"

DECEMBER 20TH AND 21ST.—Meds. grinding for organic chemistry exam.

DECEMBER 23D.—Bill Joseph meets his organic chemistry class at Phillippi, and flings twenty-eight out of a class of thirty-four. The Meds. are so badly defeated that they decide to disband for the rest of the year, tho' some are not able to leave the Hill.

JANUARY 8TH, '03—Meds. begin to drop on the Hill again, and the numerous "New Year's resolutions" take wings and fly. The climate here doesn't suit them very well.

JANUARY 15TH—Dr. Arch (on a professional call): "I have come to fix up my patient."

Woman in charge—"Why doctor she is already fixed."

Arch—"What do you mean?"

Woman—"She is dead, doctor."

Arch—"Why, when did she die?"

Woman—"Just after you left yesterday, doctor."

JANUARY 31ST.—Fresh. in literary college (seeing ad. for Blank's vaccine virus hanging against soda fountain at drug store) calls for "a glass of that new drink, vaccine virus."

FEBRUARY 2D.—Bowman (dissecting): "This old man must have died of cholera infantum."

FEBRUARY 3D.—Dr. Munroe: "Mr. Caldwell, what suture material would you use in case of fractured patella?"

Morris: "I would use silk wire, doctor."

FEBRUARY 4TH.—Myers: "My system is chuck full of rheumatic diathesis."

FEBRUARY 13TH.—Big Coppedge and Medicine Case take in P. C. reception, tho' he shook his case for a few moments in order to show the young ladies how gracefully(?) he could climb a rope in the gym. Colonel was his only rival in this feat.

FEBRUARY 16TH—Senior Meds. all go to Charlotte hospital and take little Cop. along as mascot.

MARCH 2D—Young Lady (to whom Fresh. Blake chats his "no ma'ams" and "yes ma'ams."): "Mr. Blake, does your mother raise poultry?"

Mr. Blake: "No ma'am; she always plants lots of it, but the chickens scratch it up."

MARCH 14TH—Dr. Houston: Mr. Blake, how is the circle of Willis formed?"

Mr. Blake (after drawing considerably on his ready knowledge of anatomy): "The names of those muscles have slipped my memory."



"CANINE FOSSA."

MARCH 15TH.—Drs. Brewin and Stewart were called to the country to see a very sick patient, but in their hurry and excitement took the wrong road to diagnosis, and got lost. Dr. Wooten happened along at an opportune time and put them on the right way. They made some very important discoveries and are thinking of writing a new text book on “diseases of women.”

MARCH 16TH.—Dalton's pants reach high-water mark, and its still raining.

MARCH 17TH.—(St. Patrick's Day)—Eddie Bowman's wife buys him a new spring suit.

MARCH 18TH.—Dr. Munroe: “Mr. Strong, give me the morbid anatomy of simple endocarditis.”

Mr. Strong: “We have a vegetable growth on the valves, doctor.”

Dr. Munroe: “What kind.”

Varner, (trying to help Strong out, whispers to him) “Onions.”

MARCH 19TH.—Stewart loses his magnificent head of hair on a Flinch game, while his opponent only lost his head.

MARCH 20TH.—Hardin has a patient who has a case of sore eyes, and to use technical terms, he tells his patient he has hysterectomy, and prescribes as follows: R Rotten Apples Pk. i.

Sig. Drop an apple into each eye every morning.

MARCH 21ST.—Dr. Munroe (lecturing to Class on diseases of heart), “Now, gentlemen, listen to Mr. Stewart's heart here, and you will hear two distinct sounds, ‘Lubb Dub.’”

Jim looks at doctor and turns a beautiful scarlet color, as he thought his heart had betrayed him, and doctor said “love Dub.” (His girl's name is Dubbie).

MARCH 23D.—Dr. Maxwell (quizzing Bacteriology Class)—“Mr. Arnold, what is the principal factor in the spread of the Bubonic plague?”

Arnold—“Rats, Doctor.”

Dr. Maxwell—“In what countries is it most prevalent?”

Arnold—“In China; and I don't recall whether the Japanese eat rats or not.”

MARCH 24TH.—Justice, J. T., says he is immune to beauty now, and is not afraid of contracting any beauty spots from Jim Stewart.

MARCH 26TH.—Doctor Munroe wishes the hundredth time for some colored crayon. This time to draw the different coats of the eye.

Jim Stewart grasps a bright idea from the “rice joke,” and dyes some white crayon various colors.

MARCH 27TH.—Doctor Munroe (comes on physiology class early, as usual; spies a whole handful of colored crayon, and dances around like a little boy when he finds a rabbit-nest on Easter morning full of beautiful dyed

eggs): "Well, gentlemen, since I have some colored crayon, I'll draw you all a picture of that eye we've been talking so much about. I usually draw the choroid coat with red chalk, but this purple piece here will answer the purpose, I guess." (Begins drawing, but the purple crayon makes a white mark). "Now I'll draw the Retina with yellow crayon, as yellow predominates in this coat." (The yellow crayon leaves a white mark). "This whole thing looks white to me." (Looks at his piece of yellow crayon). "But this is yellow crayon, sure." Jim chews the back off a seat to keep from "smiling out loud."

MARCH 28TH.—Two Med. students go a little ways into the country to call, not thinking of the early hours country folk keep. Their knock was answered by a figure who resembled an ancient Grecian art statue without the grape leaves. "Who's there," this ghostly figure yelled. "A— and M—, of the Med. College, sir." "Well, there's nobody sick here." The two students hesitated a moment, as the word for the occasion hadn't appeared yet. "Here, Fido," called the figure at the door, but the fleet Fido never did get within barking distance of the speedy students.

A Poser for the Poser

Photographer: "Mr. Caldwell, will you please stand just behind Mr.——."

"Yes, sir; all right, sir," said Morris, as he moved in.

(Ten seconds later)—"Mr. Caldwell, will you *please* move in just a little? The group will be more symmetrical."

"Yes, sir; all right, sir."

But when he pressed the bulb the immaculate whiteness of the little vest was cheerfully holding its own against the noonday sun.



Intra Umbrae

I am one bound upon a large emprise,
Too soon grown weary in the glorious quest;
Worn, faltering, weak, I sit me down to rest,
My comrades pressing onward toward the prize.
I wait alone, and watch with tired eyes
The long light dies along the fading west,—
Alone—the night—and I so weak! The rest
Fare toward the splendors of the eastern skies.

Teach me, O God, that I may know aright;
This wondrous truth to my sad eyes disclose!
Naught in itself does man's high work avail;
Thy earth rolls ever toward the morning light;
And thy glad dawn shall come alike to those
Who win in strength or do in weakness fail.

—*William Gilmer Perry*

Prophecy of Class 1903

WE had just finished studying our Materia Medica for next day, and "Little Un" said it was my time to take the drug under consideration. I didn't much like to try it, for the lesson was about *Cannabis Indica*. I swallowed a large dose, however, and while under its powerful influence saw most wonderful things.

I thought I had passed away and was laid out in state at the Medical College, but my spirit was present and knew all things, past and to come. I saw my classmates go by, one by one, taking a last look at my earthly form. Many of them were much changed, as by the ravages of time. I heard some of them say: "Why he looks just as he did when we graduated twenty years ago." It was given my spirit to read on each of their faces what had happened to them, and I write it as best I can recall now in my returned consciousness.

Adams, having allowed his hair to grow long again, and having stained his integument to the usual hue, migrated to the Indian Territory. He easily passed for a half-breed medicine man. He acquired a large estate and settled as a huntsman and fisherman, even wilder in appearance than when he emerged from wildest Carolina to study medicine.

Boyce passed by before I could recognize him. No wonder, for he had shaved his upper lip and was no longer vain, and they said he had really studied medicine. A large city practice had come to him as a specialist on the face, complexion, etc. He had never married and was no longer a special admirer of the opposite sex—and only because he had fallen in love with his profession.

Little Coppedge, with a shaded spot on the top of his head, and wearing spectacles and a false mustache, practiced at Newton. At the age of forty he left off his glasses and was able to grow a natural mustache and have his trousers cut to fifty around the waist. With these accomplishments he, of course, became president of the Medical Department of Catawba College.

Big Coppedge would have gone through life with credit to himself and his Alma Mater but for his addiction to doggerel writing. He wrote all his prescriptions in verse, and many of his patients died while he cudgelled his brains for rhyme. Others were poisoned because the pharmacist tried to make his grams correspond to Coppedge's meters. Only one was benefited. He was a poet suffering from melancholia. After reading our laureate's verse his discouragement vanished.

George passed the board and arranged with a Methodist congregation to preach and practice for them. He was to receive a salary of \$1,000 a year and \$5 extra for each funeral service. It is said his congregation soon held a meeting on the other bank and decided to ask him to move over—they wanted him—but he declined their call and retired on his accumulated wealth.

Hall became general practitioner in an agricultural community. He hung out a sign, "Sure Cures for Man and Beast, or No Pay." This brought him success of such a degree as would be expected.

Justice rose quickly as the world's leading specialist in oral surgery. He not only has made new teeth, but on one occasion put in a new tongue for his wife. She had worn out the original in persuading him to reduce his mustache so she could see to kiss him on the lips.

Kell practiced for some time and finally decided to get rid of his cute little lisp. He had frenotomy performed very successfully. His flow of language was so increased that he must needs find vent for his eloquence. Naturally he turned to lecturing on temperance.

McFadyen went to Patagonia as a medical missionary. There he organized a college, and with it, of course, a crack football team. He brought his giant eleven back to America and gently wiped out his old grudge against Clemson 164 to 0. After he had defeated the principal Northern universities he celebrated their success too vigorously, and died a martyr to the cause of the great game.

McLean, disgusted with medicine, made up his mind to go into the dry-goods business. He could then deal in calico all the time.

Montgomery was elected Professor of Chemistry in Jefferson Medical College. While lecturing one day he was struck by a bottle of chemicals

which fell from a high shelf behind him and broke over his head. The next morning he was surprised to find his scalp covered with "hirsute super-abundance." On the strength of this miracle he puts out the advertisement:

Dr. H. M. Montgomery's
Great Discovery.
Warranted to Grow New Hair
On Any Bald Head on Earth.

[N. B. Do not any longer imagine "There will be no more parting there" when you think of Montgomery's crown].



"Just as Soon as Christmas Comes"

(Sung to the Memory of the Class
Which Fell on Organic Chemistry, Christmas, 1902)

Pa called me William Joseph,
My sisters call me Will,
But what my wife now calls me
Is Joe—without the Bill.
The students call me Doctor,
(I'm a Ph. D., you know),
But when I cannot hear them,
They all say plain "Bill Joe."

I love to umpire football games,
For I know 'most every rule,
I am chemistry professor
And I am the Sunday School.
Most all the time the whole year round
There are no flies on me,
But just as soon as Christmas comes
I'm mean as I can be.

I do my best by all the Sophs,
Instruct them, one and all,
But when the Christmas final comes
'Bout half of them must fall.
'Twould not be right to let them think
They know much chemistry,
So just as soon as Christmas comes
I'm mean as I can be.

My Junior Qualitative Class,
I work them hard as—well,
'Twould do no good to tell you now
Of just how many fell.
It does them good to stand again,
Makes them learn more, you see,
So just as soon as Christmas comes
I'm mean as I can be.

But where I have my grandest fun
Is with my Senior Class;
In all that crowd of thirty-four
Were six who got a pass;
For at this season of the year
The devil gets in me,
And just as soon as Christmas comes
I'm mean as I can be.

Statistics of Medical Class for Quips and Cranks

VOL. VII.

Please answer all questions accurately and conscientiously.

Averages counted.

Age, 24. Height, 5-10½. Weight, 156.6. Hat, 7½. Size shoe, 7.1.
 Smoke, 67 per cent. Chew, 43 per cent. Drink intoxicants, 33 per cent.
 Use profanity, 47 per cent; Wear glasses 7 per cent.
 Yearly expenses, \$286.00. Time of retiring, 11:30.
 Number of books read this year, 7.
 Ever been engaged, 50 per cent.
 Favorite study, Surgery and Practice.
 Most boring study, Anatomy.
 Favorite style of Literature, Fiction.
 Favorite author, Hope and Johnston.
 Favorite Professor, Munroe.

Ugliest man, Arnold
 Wittiest man, Kell
 Biggest loafer, Brewin
 Laziest man, Faust
 Most influential man, McFayden
 Best man morally, McFayden and Miss
 Martin
 Best football player, Caldwell
 Biggest lady-killer, Varner
 Most in love, Edwards and Justice
 Greatest bore, Blake
 Biggest liar, Blake

Greenest man, Edwards
 Most boastful man, Summers
 Cheekiest man, Summers
 Most popular man, Caldwell
 Most intellectual man, Bowman
 Best all-round athlete, Caldwell
 Best baseball player, Rowe
 Biggest wire-puller, Brewin
 Most conceited, Edwards
 Handsomest man, Sloop
 Hardest student, Billings and Maryosip
 Best writer, Bowman

Number of hours spent daily in study, 6.6
 Number of hours spent in recreation, 3.

Biggest Eater: at Brady's, Percy Hall; Medical Club, Stewart, Simon and
 Dalton; Sloan's, Baird; Students' Home, Arnold; Orrs', Big Coppedge.

Rhapsody

Oh amber moon with the jeweled sheen,
Shine down on the lake where my light bark lies;
Where the willows weep and the brown reeds sleep,
Shine down, oh moon, with the opal eyes.
Oh, radiant moon with the mystic light,
Beg of the waves, as you kiss them tonight
To use their art on my lady's heart;
For 'tis hard, oh moon.

Oh amber moon with the jeweled sheen,
Waken the nightingale where e're he sleeps,
And bid him to sing me a lay that will bring me
Her whom I long for, for whom my heart weeps.
Oh lady moon, with the lustrous glow,
Bid the soft winds as they come and go,
To tell her I long for her, to sigh me a song for her.
Bid the winds go, oh moon, soften her heart.

A. P. McC.





FRATERNITIES

Σ Α Ε



Φ Α

Founded 1856

Established 1883

Fratres in Facultate:

DR. JAMES M. DOUGLAS

PROFESSOR ARCHIBALD CURRIE

[illegible]



SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON FRATERNITY

| | | | | | | | | |
|-----------|-----------|--------|---------------|----------------|--------------|---------------|--------------|--------------|
| ERWIN | CORNELSON | STEELE | MC'CALLIE | VAN LANDINGHAM | JAMES, A. L. | CURRIE, T. K. | MILLS, H. T. | CROWWELL |
| MCLELLAND | MC'ALLILY | MOESE | PROF. DOUGLAS | CURRIE | FAISON | DR. DOUGLAS | MILLS, A. L. | BROWN, J. B. |
| MCKINNON | JAMES, H. | | | TEAM | | | | |



Beta Theta Pi Fraternity

Phi Alpha Chapter

Established in 1853 as Phi of Beta Theta Pi; Re-established in 1884 as Sword and Shield Chapter of Myotic Seven
United with Beta Theta Pi in 1889, Becoming Phi Alpha.

Frater in Facultate,

WILLIAM JOSEPH MARTIN, M. D., Ph. D.

Frater in Urbe.

JAMES PLEASANT MATHESON, M. D.

1903

WILLIAM WADDELL ARROWOOD

ROBERT DALE DAFFIN, JR.

WILLIAM HOLT KIRKPATRICK

1904

JOSEPH ARCHIBALD CANNON

WARNER HARRINGTON DUBOSE

THOMAS BUCKNER PEIRCE, JR.

MATTHEW ASTOR THOMPSON

1905

EDWIN BRUCE

IRWIN MONTGOMERY CRAIG

ROBERT RUFNER HALL

DUDLEY WILLIAM MCIVER

CHRISTOPHER HILL PEIRCE

FREDERICK WHARTON RANKIN

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WYMAN

1906

HENDERSON IRWIN

MARION BRITT IVES

EDWARD HENRY HENDERSON

EDGAR LEROY RANKIN

WILLIAM ELLIOT WOOD

COLORS : Pink and Blue

FLOWER : Rose

ACTIVE CHAPTERS : Sixty-Five

ALUMNI CHAPTERS : Fifty



BETA THETA PI FRATERNITY



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PI KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY
 PATERSON DENTON MOORE KING MOORE
 GILLESPIE WAGNER WILCOX
 LAFERRETY CLARK PENICK ADAMS
 BAKER ANDERSON DALTON



1865-1902

Sigma Chapter of Kappa Alpha Order

(Established 1880)

COLORS : Crimson and Old Gold

Frater in Facultate:

THOMAS PERRIN HARRISON, PH. D.

1903

| | | | | | | | | | | |
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| ROBERT SIMPSON JOHNSTON | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Norfolk, Va. |

1904

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| THOMAS JOHNSTON HUTCHISON | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Rock Hill, S. C. |
| FRANK KILLIAN SPRATT | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Chester, S. C. |

1905

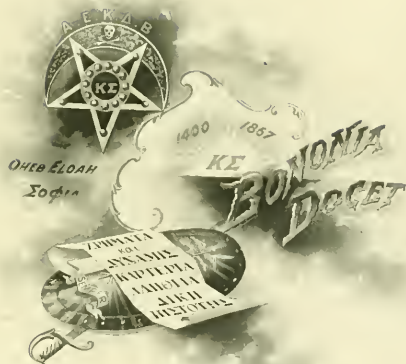
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|--------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|--------------|
| WILLIAM FRANCIS O'KELLEY | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Conyers, Ga. |
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1906

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| KEMP ELLIOTT SAVAGE | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Norfolk, Va. |
| BENJAMIN RICE LACY, JR. | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Raleigh, N. C. |
| HENRY PORTERFIELD TAYLOR | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Winston-Salem, N. C. |
| HUGH TORRENCE | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Charlotte, N. C. |
| BERNARD REID SMITH | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Asheville, N. C. |
| JOHN WATT | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Thomasville, Ga. |
| CHARLIE HANSELL WATT | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Thomasville, Ga. |
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KAPPA ALPHA FRATERNITY



Kappa Sigma

Delta Chapter

(Established 1890)

COLORS: Scarlet, White, and Emerald Green

1903

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| WILSON FLUMER MILLS | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Camden, S. C. |

1904

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| JOHN FRANK GORRELL | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Greensboro, N. C. |

1905

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| AUGUSTUS WORTH SHAW | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Lumber Bridge, N. C. |
| WILLIAM TALIAFERRO THOMPSON | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Washington, D. C. |

1906

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| WILLY MCKINNON FETZER | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Concord, N. C. |
| EDWARD GORDON FINLEY | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | North Wilkesboro, N. C. |
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| HAMILTON WITHERSPOON MCKAY | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Mayesville, S. C. |
| JOHN WALKER MOORE | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | McConnellsville, S. C. |
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Medical College

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| JOHN CALVIN DYE | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Fayetteville, N. C. |

Frater in Urbe

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| CHARLES LESTER GRAY | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Davidson, N. C. |
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KAPPA SIGMA FRATERNITY

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| BAILEY, W. T. | BAILEY, W. T. | DEGRAFFENREID | DYE | HENDERSON | FETZER | McKAY | BAILEY |
| CALDWELL | MILLS, W. P. | MOORE, J. W. | | | | | |

RUFF FINLEY

RUFF FINLEY

FETZER

FETZER

BAILEY

BAILEY

MCKAY

MCKAY

MOORE, J. W.

MOORE, J. W.

MILLS, W. P.

MILLS, W. P.

Caldwell

Caldwell

BAILEY, W. T.

BAILEY, W. T.

McDONALD

McDONALD



CAMPUS—LOOKING WEST FROM CHAMBERS BUILDING

DAVIDSON SIDE SHOW

A MARVELLOUS COLLECTION OF MONSTERS

(CRY OF SPEILER SMITH)

I say! Have a look! Have a look! We have 'em here! It is free in the lobby! So walk up close, ladies and gentlemen, inspect the paintings, and listen while I expatiate for a moment on the most stupendous aggregation of modern mobilized monstrosities ever brought together under one canvas. Neither time, expense, talent, nor profanity have been spared in making this the most highly instructive, ennobling, elevating, classical and amusing conglomeration of curios ever displayed to the admiring gaze of the American public.

First direct your orbs of vision toward John, the Long Boy. Inspect him closely from garret to cellar. He stands three metres, six decimetres, thirty-six centimetres, and .00000339586 2-3 millimetres in height and never had on a sock in his life. He is also a lightning calculator. He can solve and give a lucid explanation of the most intricate problems, which either the audience or myself may choose to propound. Had this prodigious species of humanity existed in Biblical times, the tower of Babel would never have entered the minds of the aspiring ancients.

Next let your enchanted gaze rest upon Dandy Jim, the fat boy. He weighs 850 pounds gross. You will scarcely believe me, ladies and gentlemen, when I tell you that this unwieldy mass of humanity is of the same genus as the long boy. In him we see the most gratifying results of systematic grooming and feeding. We found this man in Chester county where he was receiving a fabulous salary simply for showing to the innocent rustics why "Schlitz beer made Milwaukee famous."

Next let us glance for a minute at Wooly, the Wild Man. This wonderful specimen was captured in the depths of the Dismal Swamp, feeding on roots and herbs, barks and gums. He speaks an unknown and incoherent tongue. By careful training and incessant labor we have at last succeeded in teaching him to utter a few strange grunts which faintly resemble the "woof! woof!" of the Razor Back. Look at him! Behold him! His face has never been touched by a razor. See how he grapples the bars in his frantic efforts to escape. A look at this animal alone is worth the cost of a ticket.



DAVIDSON S



DE SHOW

Look you now at Bill Joe, the Roaring Snake Eater! He bites 'em in pieces and chews 'em up alive. While he is by no means a human, we captured him solely on account of his serpent-swallowing propensities. Look at him! He roars like a furnace. Examine closely the bellows or accordion construction of his body, and you will see the secret of this fiendish uproar which he constantly creates. He consumes the most concentrated acids in enormous quantities, which generate the powerful and deadly gases that ever flow from his mouth and nostrils.

That half-human, half-ape form you see there is Little Dickey, the Missing Link. He was discovered in the heart of Africa, where, with his caudal appendage clasped tightly around a volume of Plato, he was harranguing the highly amused cannibals in classic Greek (Attic form).

Look at Brewin, the Strong Man—the Human Bear: positively the strongest man in existence. He's the modern Sampson. This prodigy, in a fit of anger, once tore out the massive pillars of Davidson College and used them as weapons of defense against nine of his fellowmen. He acquired his wonderful power by driving a team of eleven monsters of like genus harnessed to a *coach*.

That sorrowful looking spectacle painted there upon the canvas is Tommy, the Dessicated Man. He was found in the catacombs of Egypt, living on mummies and old parchments. Owing to a lack of such diet in this country, we feed him on asparagus and dried grass. Look at him, people! See the pained expression on his face. He longs to return to his former haunts. This specimen has been examined by the highest medical authorities in the world, who state that he is in the last stages of ossification. Judging from the luscious softness of his mouth, he has not always been in this condition. He is the remains of a scholar who became entangled in the catacombs while searching for a hidden word.

But you ask: "What means the portrait of this old and civilized looking gentleman here on my left? Certainly he does not belong in the same class with those painted here on the canvas." This is Dr. J. B. Shearer, and it is owing to his untiring energy and piercing foresight that this wonderful and unparalleled collection has been brought together. Had this duty been allotted to any other man living, not excepting myself, THE DAVIDSON SIDE SHOW would still be entangled in the woods of Utopia.

Come up now, ladies and gentlemen, and buy your tickets to this marvellous show. We make the nominal charge of ten cents. This wonderful performance is given to advertise our methods. For nine months of the year these prodigies are quartered within the confines of Davidson College, where the youth of the South may study their ways and manners. A copy of the Bulletin will be presented to every purchaser of a ticket to this show. The little booklet tells you all about it. Come up and see for yourself. Only a dime—ten cents!

N. B.—The above is a truthful portrayal of Dr. H. L. Smith at one of his summer lectures, when canvassing for students and expatiating on the Faculty of Davidson College.



Literary
Societies

Organization of Philanthropic Society



| | <i>Presidents</i> | <i>Vice-Presidents</i> | <i>Secretaries</i> | <i>Critics</i> |
|--------------------|-------------------|------------------------|--------------------|----------------|
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| <i>Second Term</i> | P. P. BROWN | H. W. SHANNON | H. B. SMITH | A. R. MCQUEEN |
| <i>Third Term</i> | H. H. CALDWELL | R. D. DICKSON | A. W. SHAW | W. W. ARROWOOD |
| <i>Fourth Term</i> | A. R. MCQUEEN | P. S. EASLEY | W. T. GIBSON | P. P. BROWN |

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| <i>First Term</i> | <i>Second Term</i> | <i>Third Term</i> |
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| H. E. McMURRAY | H. A. KNOX | W. S. PATTERSON |
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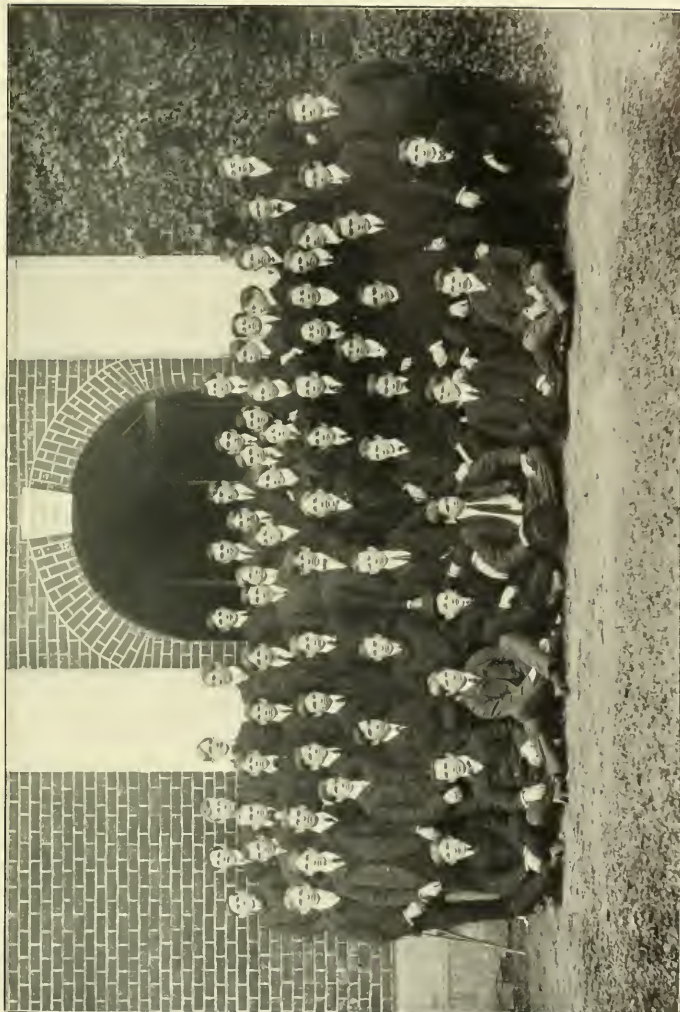
H. H. CALDWELL, *Chairman*

H. F. BEATY

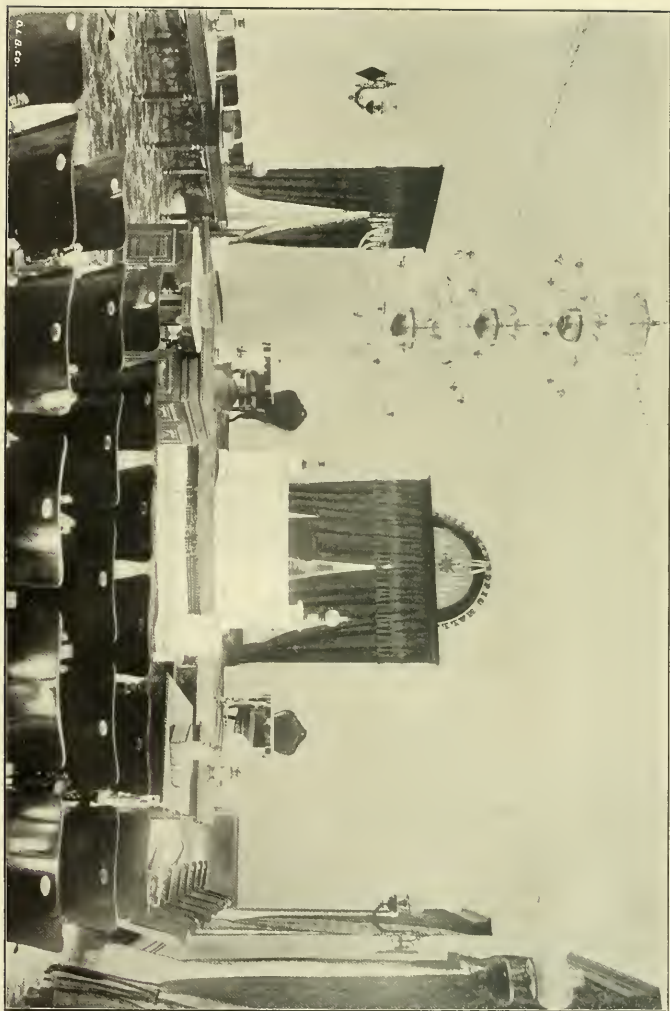
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PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY



PHILANTHROPIC LITERARY SOCIETY HALL.

Un _____

E'en as two harps, entuned together, swell as one

In some sweet song of love or heavenly orison,
And not till this shall hush its quivering strings
The harper feels the broken chords of that alone.

So, love, our lives had been together so complete,
And heart so answered heart again in concord sweet,
I scarcely knew I loved thee, dear, until
The day that we had parted never more to meet.

And as the shell is dumb upon the ocean's floor,
Yet when, an exile, it shall know the deeps no more,
It finds a voice—and 'mid the busy world
To listening ears it sings the far-off ocean's roar.

So, love, as long as summer skies bent over me,
As long as life was perfect but to be with thee,
My heart was dumb, but now it fain would sing
Its love, and soothe this parting grief in melody.



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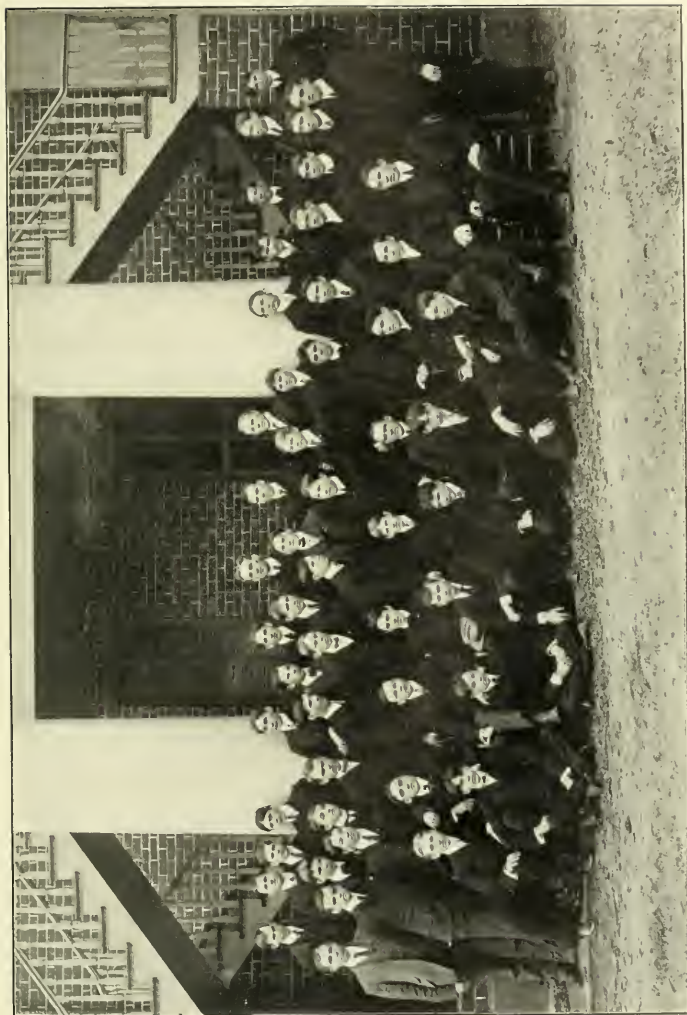
Permanent Committers

Executive

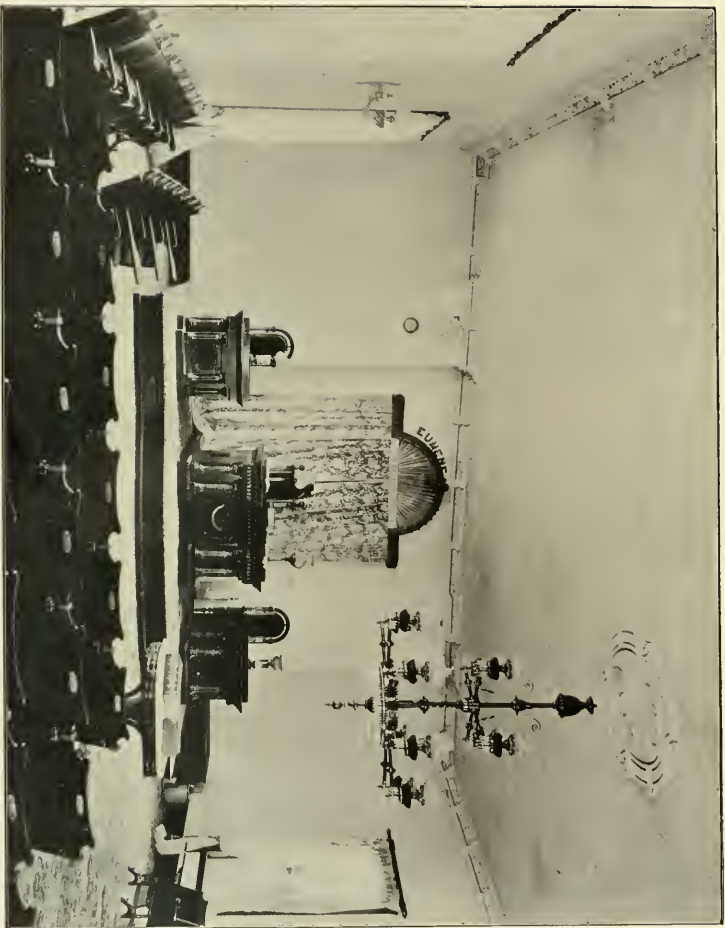
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EUMENIAN SOCIETY



EUMENEAN LITERARY SOCIETY HALL.



Lullaby

Sleep, my darling, sleep!
Stars begin to peep—
My baby's eyes are bright by day
But night will steal their gleam away
To light the stars up in the skies—
For stars are only angel-eyes
That watch our sleep.

Sleep, my darling, sleep!
Slumber, slumber deep!
The evening star shines in the west;
The tired sun has gone to rest;
The little bird has ceased to sing,
And tucked its head beneath its wing
And gone to sleep.

Sleep, my darling, sleep!
Bright in heaven's deep
The moon rides in its silver boat;
And fairies drive the clouds that float
Between the sky and earth below—
Each cloud with brightest dreams aglow
For baby's sleep.

Sleep, my darling, sleep!
Angels watches keep,
Bright angels hover 'round thy bed
To guard my baby's weary head;
And they will keep thee till the skies
Shall brighten with the new sunrise
And wake thy sleep.



MARSHALS.

chief.

Joel Smith Morse, Eu.

Subs.

J. H. DeGraffenreid, Eu.

H. A. Knox, Phi.

W. H. DeBose, Eu.

R. D. Dickson, Phi.

W. J. Thompson, Eu.

A. W. Shaw, Phi.

R. J. McDavid, E.

H. Irwin, Phi.





MARSHALS

DUBOSE

KNOX

IRWIN

DICKSON

McDAVID

SHAW

DEGRAFFENREID

THOMPSON



The Modern John Gilpin

Or The Triumphal Ride of Long John

(With apologies to Billy Cowper.)

Sir Long John was a hunter bold
Well known to every one;
A Math. Professor eke was he
Of famous Davidson.

One day when he had measured out
With no begrudging hand
Zeroes to all of those who chanced
Before his boards to stand,

He said, "Behold I will go forth
And bag a load of game;"
Thinking the birds as Fresh would fall
Before his deadly aim.

But still it seemed, in spite of noise
And use of strongest words,
That God was very merciful
Unto the helpless birds.

For when the evening sun was low,
And towards his home he pressed,
Three sparrow birds and one blue jay
Were all that he possessed.

And as he trudged the dusty road,
His pointer by his side,
A lad on horseback him o'ertook
And offered him a ride.

Long John refused until he thought
That both the nag might ride,
And then he threw one leg on high
And found himself astride.

At first the wondrous legs of John
Did drag upon the ground,
Until at last by struggling hard
The stirrups he had found.

And now his knees above his head
Stuck high into the air.
To see the figure that he cut
Struck terror in the mare.

For when she once did glance around
And see this awful sight,
With mighty snort, and tail on high
She started on her flight.

Long John began to rise and fall;
Fast to him swung the lad,
His gun which hung around his neck
Did lam him o'er the head.

"Cosines and secants," roared Long John,
As faster grew the race,
'I would that my hypotenuse
Were joined unto the base."

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the neck with both his hands
And eke with all his might.

And as they sped along the way
Wild creatures great and small
The mighty hunter watched, to see
What fate would him befall.

And when they came into the town
The mare still faster flew;
Long John hugged tighter 'round her neck
If such thing could be true.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, well done,
As loud as he could bawl.

Thus thro' the town they made their way
The lad and Sir Long John,
The mare ne'er stopped until she came
Into her master's barn.

Still Long John's arms around her neck
Were locked in fond embrace,
And no small work there was required
To loose them from their place.

And when he did unfold himself,
He walked out of the barn
And said, to ease his wounded pride,
"Well, I don't give a darn."

That night in bed he had a dream,
A horrible night-mare.
He saw the birds he'd killed that day
Were hovering in the air.

And after circling 'round his bed
They perched upon the posts—
Three sparrow birds and one blue jay—
Around his bed four ghosts.

Now let us sing long live the king,
And Long John, long live he,
And when he next doth ride abroad
May we be there to see.



An Old Man's Reberie

Softly fall the shades of evening 'round the earth at daylight's close,
Softer than the tinted petals falling from the shattered rose.

Pearly white, in moon-beams sparkling, dew-drops gem each blade and flower,
And the twilight comes when daylight darkens into Memory's hour.

Through the shadows slowly pulsing—shadows full of mysteries—
Sounds some careless fiddler playing snatches of old melodies.

Shadows vanish—time flies back until I am a youth again,
She so fair beside me there, is singing that old favorite strain.

But an instant; then the darkness closes 'round this memory—
Cruel strain to call again that night she sang her love to me.

"English at the Hat—German on Deck—Chemistry to Follow"

Senior English Exam

I Discuss in full all classical publications in the English language from the "Song of Caedmon" to the latest issue of the Davidson College Bulletin.

II (a) Compare the works of Daffin and Adams with those of Shakespeare and Milton. (b) Compare Prof. Mills' criticisms on Fresh scraps with the works of Matthew Arnold.

III Browning—(a) Give in detail your appreciation of all his works. (b) Give your reasons for believing that he was the author of "Simple Simon" and "Dolly Gray."

IV Name and give a comprehensive sketch of the author of each of the following standard works:— "The Old Ship of Zion"; "I wish you'd go!"; "Jesse James"; "Frog the Catlaw"; "Gos Gos Eyes"; "Auntie's shame"; "Goodbye Boogie"—



"What a New Student Should Bring With Him"

IT is indeed an occasion of great lamentation that there is such a woeful lack of knowledge as to the articles which should compose the outfit of a student about to enter college. This fact was most vividly impressed on our minds as we stood around the train last fall, and with tearful eyes saw Fresh after Fresh deposit himself on the ground, each having, as his complete outfit, an *oil can* in one hand, a piece of *crockery* in the other, and a *plated teaspoon* in his mouth. Moreover, a careful examination revealed the astounding fact that not one of them had brought a *bottle of mucilage* or a *cake of soap*!

For the benefit of suffering humanity, and in order to remedy this disastrous state of affairs and to answer the multitude of inquiries from anxious parents, a committee was appointed to make out a careful list of articles which are henceforth to compose the outfit. We publish below the report of the committee, which we are sure will prove a veritable godsend to many in immediate need of it, and to millions yet unborn:

"We, the Committee on Student's Outfits, having remained in session for seven days and six nights without intermission, and having, with due deliberation and great mental anguish, weighed, debated and discussed each item and section, have agreed upon the following report, which we do hereby submit:

"If there is one article in the student's whole outfit that takes predominance over all others, that article is a bottle of mucilage. The student who brings this will have his sticking qualities so encouraged that he will be very likely to complete his college course.

"Among articles of apparel we mention, one knock-about for general uses, and one double-barrel behavior coat for general disuse, in which the student may dike himself out when attending the many social functions which our village furnishes.

"In fitting out one's room only a few articles are essential, viz: A calendar, fire tongs, pipe and tobacco jar; a bed, table, wash-stand and bureau are desirable, but are considered extravagant luxuries by the more thrifty students. Mattresses which have been in constant service since the college was founded can be purchased at a nominal price from the Bursar. (These mattresses are guaranteed absolutely chinch proof). No lamps are needed, as by next year the college will be brilliantly illuminated by a magnificent electric plant, which our enterprising President has ordered from his castles in Spain. Three articles, which are indispensable to the student's long life and prosperity, are a beef maul, a set of chilled steel teeth, and a galvanized digestive apparatus. It is well for a new man to be prepared for any emergency, so we would advise that he bring a small medicine chest containing: Barker's Nerve and Bone Liniment, for cuts and bruises; one dozen Mellin's Food, Castoria, Soothing Syrup, Paragoric and Peruna, also a rattle and teething ring, rubber nipple and bottle.

"Books, except in a few rare cases, are entirely unnecessary. Only the slovenly allow them to mar the beauty of their rooms. Those who contemplate taking an A. M. course under Prof. Currie, however, would do well to bring a few choice books with them.

To assist such students we append the following list: 'Mother Goose Melodies,' 'Babes in the Woods,' 'Innocence Abroad,' 'Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress,' Dooley's Theory of the Flood,' 'George Ade On a College Education,' 'What to Do in Case of Drowning,' Henbearing's Three Methods of Computing the Age of an Egg,' 'A Digest of Embalmed Beef.' A more complete list of necessary publications may be had of Hines and Noble, or his local agent, W. R. Grey.

"If the student has any athletic proclivities we would earnestly advise that he bring One Modern Gymnasium, with Bath Room attached; or if this is impracticable, at least a kettle of hot water, as the Improved Hot Water System lately installed has occasionally been found inadequate. Also one tennis court, as the seventeen located here on the campus remain in constant use.

"And last, but by no means least, we would impress on each new man the necessity of providing himself with a Medical Attendant, as the one furnished by the college is kept busy organizing Banks, Hospitals, Cotton Mills and other *Infant* Industries."





Student's Soliloquy

(With apologies to the Prince of Denmark)

To rise, or not to rise—that is the question;
 Whether 'tis nobler in the bed to lie
 And take demerits from that monitor,
 Or to jump out on this frozen floor, to dress
 And go to prayers? To lie, to sleep
 Some more; and, by a sleep, to say we hear
 No more the thousand unnatural shocks
 Of that infernal bell; 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To lie, to sleep,
 To rest! perchance in peace—ah! there's the rub;
 For in that sleep what harmful marks may come,
 While I am rolled in blankets good and warm,
 Must give me pause; there's the respect
 That makes calamity of college life;
 For who would bear the lengthy pleas of Puss,
 The choir's discordant chant, Paul Peter's piercing shriek,

The pangs of Yeargan's tenor, Mawhinney's saintly snort,
 The siren notes of far-famed Boston's
 Tuneful bard, and the untold yearnings
 That impatient appetite for beefsteak has,
 When he himself might his quietus take
 Here in the bed? Who would Dickie bear
 To groan and sweat 'neath his outlandish "Dorch,"
 But that the dread of something under sixty,
 That awful mark, below whose bound
 No youth can ere go through, puzzles the will,
 And makes us all endure bland Tommy's drouth,
 The polished English of great Dandy Jim,
 And plagues of other freaks of whom we dare
 Not speak. Thus grades make cowards of us all;
 And thus an honest nap of early morn
 Is broken up with clashing peal of bells;
 And dreams and visions of great pitch and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And take on horrid shape—soft you now!
 The ringing's ceased—Puss in thy prayers
 Be all my sins remembered.



Athletic Association

| | | |
|----------------------------|-----------|--------------------------------|
| WILLIAM HOLT KIRKPATRICK, | - - - - - | <i>President</i> |
| THOMAS JOHNSTON HUTCHISON, | - - - - - | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| THOMAS KING CURRIE, | - - - - - | <i>Secretary and Treasurer</i> |

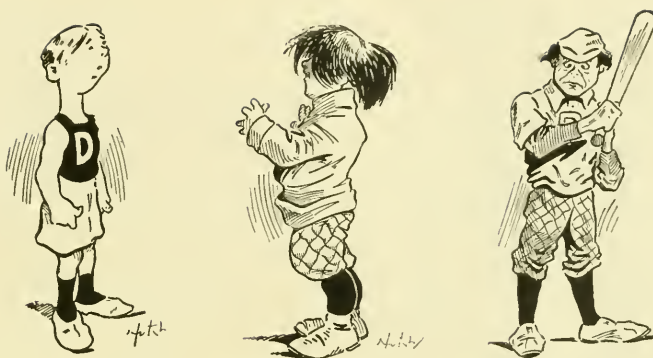
Executive Committee

| | |
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| G. M. WILCOX, '04. | M. A. THOMPSON, '04 |
| W. T. GIBSON, '05. | I. M. CRAIG, '05. |
| W. M. FETZER, '06. | |
| W. T. BAILEY, '06. * | |



* SEE ABOVE.

Athletics



A Resume of the Past—A Glance Into the Future

WE feel that a retrospect of athletics since our entrance into the intercollegiate arena will not only be of interest to all graduates, students and sympathizers, but tend to show our gradual advancement in all forms of manly exercise since our first bow to the world of sport.

While athletic contests were always approved of by members of the Faculty, and the students were accustomed to indulge in whatever form of exercise their fancy tended, still a concerted effort to enter into friendly rivalry with our neighboring colleges was not undertaken until the fall of '97. Then, through the instrumentality of Dr. Martin, whose untiring efforts in our behalf are ever appreciated, we played what was really our first intercollegiate game, against the University of this State, in Charlotte. Great apprehension was indulged in as to the outcome of this contest, on account of our youthfulness in the sport and supposed lack of knowledge of the finer points of the game. But after the first charge of battle, when we had overcome the beginner's stage fright, no fear for our representatives

was felt. Like old-timers they sailed into the thick of the contest and fought their opponents in a determined fashion. When the smoke of battle had cleared, although defeated, we felt a great pride in the outcome of the contest, as that year the University had one of the best teams in her history. The score was 10 to 0. Shortly after we had won our spurs against the University, we lined up with the University of South Carolina and came off victorious to the tune of 6-0

This ended our first season, and in the fall of '98 our opponents were the same as in the previous year. The result of the contests were about the same; the University of North Carolina defeating us 11-0 and we again defeated South Carolina 5-0.

One of the University men was heard to remark after the contest that they played a pretty poor game and should have beaten those Davidson fellows about 40 to 0.

The captain of the University team replied: "No, you didn't play a poor game, but Davidson played a good game."

The next year, '99, the consent of the Trustees was obtained to enter more thoroughly into these contests, and the control of athletics was placed in the hands of the Faculty, who delegated Dr. Martin to be the Faculty representative. We played five games this year, and the results of the different contests were as follows:

| | | | | | | |
|-------------|---|---|---|---|---|-------------|
| N. C., 10 | - | - | - | - | - | Davidson, 0 |
| S. C., 0 | - | - | - | - | - | Davidson, 6 |
| O. R., 6 | - | - | - | - | - | Davidson, 2 |
| A. & M., 0 | - | - | - | - | - | Davidson, 0 |
| Clemson, 10 | - | - | - | - | - | Davidson, 0 |

On the whole it was a very successful season and we did very well against our new rivals.

In 1900, outside of a disastrous beginning, in which we were snowed under by Clemson, the season was a very successful one, the only other game we lost being with the University of North Carolina. The team played consistent football throughout the season, winding up with a victory over Georgia Tech. in Augusta, Ga., on Thanksgiving Day.

The result of the games was as follows:

| | | | | | | |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|---|--------------|
| Clemson, 64 | - | - | - | - | - | Davidson, 0 |
| Guilford, 0 | - | - | - | - | - | Davidson, 16 |
| A. & M., 0 | - | - | - | - | - | Davidson, 17 |
| U. of S. C., 0 | - | - | - | - | - | Davidson, 5 |
| Ga. Tech., 6 | - | - | - | - | - | Davidson, 38 |

In 1901 a much harder schedule was undertaken, and we sustained but two defeats, our old rivals, the University of North Carolina and A. & M., turning the trick.

| | | | | | |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|--------------|
| Guilford, 0 | - | - | - | - | Davidson, 24 |
| N. C. M. A., 0 | - | - | - | - | Davidson, 23 |
| U. of N. C., 5 | - | - | - | - | Davidson, 0 |
| U. of S. C., 5 | - | - | - | - | Davidson, 12 |
| U. of Ga., 6 | - | - | - | - | Davidson, 16 |
| A. & M., 27 | - | - | - | - | Davidson, 6 |

Season 1902

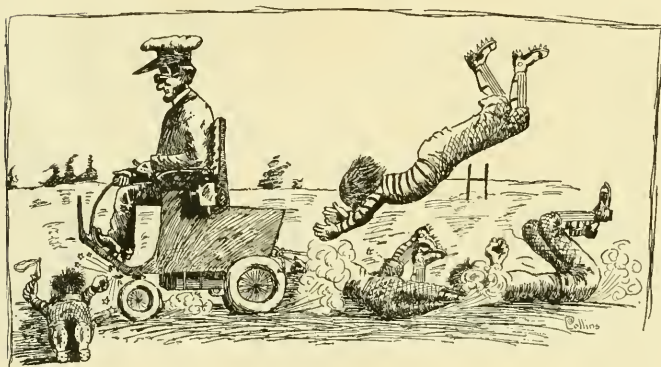
The success of the previous season was an incentive for engaging in contests with teams that, under present conditions, we could hardly expect to beat. Handicapped by green material throughout the season, we had big odds to overcome, but in defeating our old rivals A. and M. in such a decisive manner at the close of the season, we all feel that the season's work was at length crowned with success, and that the members of the team fully deserved the great reception tendered them by the Student-Body on their arrival home. We believe the enthusiasm shown by the students on that occasion was the best display of college spirit ever shown at Davidson. Our record the past fall may appear as if we had fallen back a little, but when the crude material that had to be developed is taken into consideration, and the necessity of playing more than one game on a long trip, with a very limited number of men, is reckoned, we believe it will be granted that the team did remarkably well. Don't worry for the future; we have our goal to make, and we intend to make it. The slight set-back of last fall, if such you may call it, is but temporary.

Step by step we have shown improvement, till at the present time, in baseball and football, we feel, and our record will surely uphold us, that the star of Davidson College is one of the brightest luminaries in the field of sport, at least among the smaller colleges of the South. We have not mentioned the record of our baseball team before this, as we have played but one season with a regular College team. What team in the beginning of its career ever made such a record on the diamond as our team did last year? We take great pride in saying Davidson passed through the season without a single defeat by any Southern College team, and among our more prominent victims were University of South Carolina and Trinity.

Prediction: With the rapid strides the College is bound to take, both in numbers and efficiency, through the ceaseless labors of Dr. Smith, our advancement in the field of sport will go hand in hand. We are sure that it is the wish of all that the purpose for which college athletics was first established will ever be maintained, namely: the development of the body, that we may the better be able to contend with the duties of life. David-

son has always taken a stand for purity in athletics, and it will ever be her endeavor to keep unmarred her record of the past. To insure our success in the future, all we want is the support of those who owe it to us, through participation in our athletics in the past, and the undivided, whole-souled enthusiasm of the Student-Body. With a fair break for us in the field of fortune, Davidson College is bound to make rapid strides within the next few years, and it is only a question of time when we will be contending for supremacy among the leading Colleges of the South. All signs point toward a brilliant future, and we trust that Dame Fortune will only be as kind to us hereafter as she has been, and, if so, our College colors will be an emblem of envy among our sister schools of the South.

J. A. BREWIN.





In Memoriam

RICHARD OSCAR McLEOD

Born on the 25th day of November, 1883

FROM the first he was ever an enthusiast in all forms of manly sport and nothing gave him greater pleasure than to follow the hounds in that exciting pastime, fox-hunting. Many an exhilarating chase he must have had, and we can picture him, aglow with excitement and spirit, as he chased across the fields following the ever-baying hounds and urging his favorite "Bell" to further exertions that he might be "in at the death."

His early education was received at Laurinburg, N. C., and at Red Springs Military Academy. In the fall of 1901, he entered the North Carolina Medical College, and at the time of his death was still a student there.

The story of his sickness and death—how while at work in the dissecting hall he became infected and died from blood-poisoning is too well known to be referred to in this slight sketch of his life. Suffice it to say that during his illness, although a great sufferer, he showed the same remarkable pluck and grit that characterized his work on the football field. He was ever considerate of those who attended him and gave them as little trouble as possible.

At the time of his death we felt his loss keenly; we feel his loss keenly today; he made such an impression on us all that the mention of his name will ever bring a pang of regret to our hearts as we realize that we have said the last good-bye; that he has passed from our midst forever.

No more will he lighten our labors,
No more will he please us all;
He has gone to receive the favors,
Gone, to his Master's call.

Though his earthly career is ended,
Though his labors of love are done;
His deeds will be ever remembered
By us all, each and every one.

J. A. B.

IN MEMORIAM



RICHARD OSCAR MCLEOD

Football Scores

1902

October 1

Oak Ridge 5 - - - at Davidson - - - Davidson 28

October 10

Furman 6 - - - - at Davidson - - - Davidson 0

October 18

University of N. C. 27 - at Charlotte - - - Davidson 0

October 24

Bingham 6 - - - at Davidson - - - Davidson 16

November 1

University of Virginia 34 - at Charlottesville - - - Davidson 0

November 13

Ga. School of Technology 5 at Atlanta - - - Davidson 7

November 14

University of Georgia 27 - at Athens - - - Davidson 0

November 21

A. and M. 0 - - - at Greensboro - - - Davidson 5

November 22

Guilford 0 - - - at Guilford - - - Davidson 0

Scrub Scores

K. M. M. A. 0 - - - at Rock Hill - Davidson Scrubs 0

Asheville School 5 - - at Asheville - Davidson Scrubs 17



Football Team

1902

FRANK KILLIAN SPRATT, *Manager*

Center

R. S. JOHNSTON

Left Guard

SLOOP

Right Guard

HUTCHISON

Left Tackle

GIBSON, J. L.

Quarter-Back

KIRKPATRICK

Right Tackle

McFAYDEN

Left End

CURRIE

Right End

CALDWELL

Left Half-Back

FETZER

Right Half-Back

DALTON

Full Back

McLEOD

Substitutes

MILLS, A. L.

DICKSON

LENTZ

GIBSON, W. T.

RANKIN

GILLESPIE

M. M. CALDWELL, *Captain*

J. A. BREWIN, *Coach*



FOOTBALL TEAM, '02

Baseball Scores

1902

| | | | | | | | | | |
|------------------------|---|---|---|---------------|---|---|---|----------|----|
| <i>March 25</i> | | | | | | | | | |
| Hobart College | 4 | - | - | at Charlotte | - | - | - | Davidson | 3 |
| <i>March 31</i> | | | | | | | | | |
| Trinity College | 2 | - | - | at Durham | - | - | - | Davidson | 6 |
| <i>April 1</i> | | | | | | | | | |
| Oak Ridge | 3 | - | - | at Oak Ridge | - | - | - | Davidson | 11 |
| <i>April 2</i> | | | | | | | | | |
| Guilford | 5 | - | - | at Winston | - | - | - | Davidson | 11 |
| <i>April 5</i> | | | | | | | | | |
| Boston Nat'l League* | | - | | at Davidson | - | - | - | Davidson | 3 |
| <i>April 9</i> | | | | | | | | | |
| Catawba College | 0 | - | - | at Davidson | - | - | - | Davidson | 12 |
| <i>April 12</i> | | | | | | | | | |
| Rutherford College | 0 | - | | at Davidson | - | - | - | Davidson | 23 |
| <i>April 24</i> | | | | | | | | | |
| Citadel | 3 | - | - | at Charleston | - | - | - | Davidson | 6 |
| <i>April 25</i> | | | | | | | | | |
| South Carolina College | 4 | - | | at Columbia | - | - | - | Davidson | 5 |

*Still Scoring.

Baseball 1903

(Scores up to April 19th)

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|-----------------------|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----------|----|
| University of Georgia | 4 | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Davidson | 5 |
| Clemson | 11 | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Davidson | 0 |
| Wofford | 2 | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Davidson | 3 |
| Bingham | 2 | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Davidson | 15 |



Baseball Team

1903

| | | | | |
|--------------------------|---|---|---|----------------|
| FRANK KILLIAN SPRATT | - | - | - | <i>Manager</i> |
| WILLIAM HOLT KIRKPATRICK | - | - | - | <i>Captain</i> |
| JOHN A. BREWIN | - | - | - | <i>Coach</i> |

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------------------------|
| ROWE, c. | BAILEY, W. T., s. s. |
| YOUNT | FETZER, <i>3b.</i> |
| HARRIS } <i>p.</i> | WILCOX, <i>l. f.</i> |
| CURRIE, <i>1b</i> | DEGRAFFENREID, <i>c. f.</i> |
| BAILEY, J. S., <i>2b.</i> | KIRKPATRICK, <i>r. f.</i> |

Substitutes { MOORE, J. W.
SLOOP



BASEBALL TEAM

| | | | | |
|---------------|---------------------------|--------------------------------|-------------------------|--------|
| WILCOX | DE GRAFFENREID | CURRIE, T. K. | FETZER | HARRIS |
| BAILEY, J. S. | SPRATT (<i>manager</i>) | YOUNT | BREWIN (<i>coach</i>) | |
| | ROWE | KIRKPATRICK (<i>captain</i>) | | |
| | | BAILEY, W. T. | | |



Field Day

Hundred Yard Dash

First—MCKINNON, '04. Time, 10 1-5 sec's.
 Second—HUTCHISON, '04.
 Third—SHAW, '05.

Broad Jump

First—DAFFIN, '03. Distance, 19 ft., 2-5 in.
 Second—MCALLIE, '05.
 Third—GIBSON, '05.

Hammer Throw

First—CARR, '04. Distance, 104 ft., 8 in.
 Second—JOHNSTON, '03.
 Third—MCALLIE, '05.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yard Dash

First } MCKINNON, '04. { Time, 23 4-5 sec.
 } HUTCHISON, '04. {
 Third—GIBSON, W. T. '05.

Shot Put

First—CARR, '04. Distance, 43 feet.
 Second—MCALLIE, '05.
 Third—JOHNSTON, '03.

Four Hundred and Forty Yard Run

First—HUTCHISON, '04. Time, 57 seconds.
 Second—GIBSON, '05.
 Third—MAWHINNEY, '05.

Tug of War

"Meds." and "Lits."
 Won by "Meds."

Hurdle Race

First—MCKINNON, '04. Time, 15 4-5 Sec's.
 Second—MCALLIE, '05.
 Third—SHAW, '05.

Relay Race

Won by Juniors. Time, 1 minute, 50 seconds.
 Second, Sophs.

Potato Race

First—GIBSON, '05. Time, —
 Second—JOHNSTON, H. A. '03.
 Third—DISMUKES.

Half Mile Race

First—EASLEY, '04. Time, 2 min., 10 sec's.
 Second—ERVIN, '05.
 Third—GREY, '06.

Finals in Tennis

Won by HALL and CRAIG.

Ball Game

Davidson beat Bingham by a score of 15 to 2, which concluded the events for the day.

Davidson Track Team

| | | | | | | |
|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---------|
| MORTIMER LACY MCKINNON | - | - | - | - | - | Captain |
| THOMAS JOHNSTON HUTCHISON | - | - | - | - | - | Manager |
| JOHN A. BREWIN | - | - | - | - | - | Coach |

| | | | |
|-------------------|----------------|----------------|---------------|
| R. D. DAFFIN | R. S. JOHNSTON | M. M. CALDWELL | J. S. BAILEY |
| W. H. KIRKPATRICK | W. M. DUNN | E. B. CARR | R. D. DICKSON |
| E. H. YOUNT | E. S. McCALLIE | W. T. GIBSON | A. W. SHAW |
| J. W. MOORE | | | |

Athletic Records

| | | | | | | |
|--------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------------|
| Pole Vault | - | - | - | - | - | 10 feet, 1 inches |
| Hammer Throw | - | - | - | - | - | 117 feet |
| Hurdle (120 yards) | - | - | - | - | - | 161-5 seconds |
| 100 yards | - | - | - | - | - | 10 seconds |
| 220 yards | - | - | - | - | - | 23 4-5 seconds |
| 440 yards | - | - | - | - | - | 51 1-5 seconds |
| Half-mile | - | - | - | - | - | 2 minutes, 18 2-5 seconds |
| One mile | - | - | - | - | - | 5 minutes, 5 seconds |
| Baseball Throw | - | - | - | - | - | 333 feet |
| Shot Put | - | - | - | - | - | 39 feet, 5 inches |
| Long Jump | - | - | - | - | - | 22 feet |
| High Jump | - | - | - | - | - | 5 feet, 7 inches |



TRACK TEAM

BREWIN (COACH) YOUNT CARR JOHNSTON SHAW KIRKPATRICK McCALLIE
 DAFFIN DUNN HUTCHISON MCKINNON (CAPT.) DICKSON
 CALDWELL CURRIE MOORE

A College Dream

A Sophomore of Davidson, with stalwart appetite,
Had studied hard, the whole day long, till near the shade of night,
The supper bell peal'd loudly forth—he ne'er was known to wait,
But hastened to his usual seat, and this is what he ate:

Three hard boiled eggs, some cold roast beef, a slice or two of ham,
Six batter cakes, three muffins, large, with more or less of jam,
A beefsteak, rare, some liver fried, two cups of coffee creamed,
Then, later on he went to bed, and this is what he dreamed:

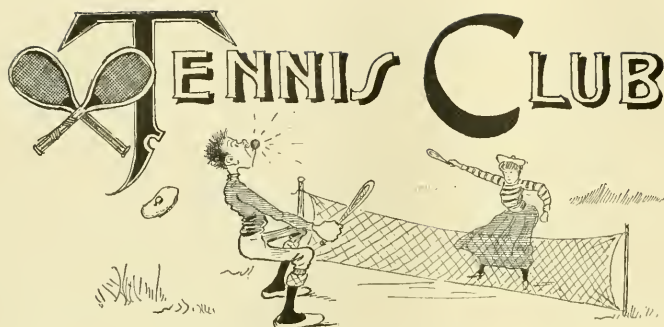
A full car load of Xenophons was dumped upon his breast,
All printed in an unknown tongue, each differing from the rest,
A score or two of Virgils, some Livys and a Sallust,
All these were loaded on "his deck," with a Calculus for ballast.

With time and pain, these disappeared, and with a crash there came,
Two hundred lusty "baseball nines," all ready for a game.
With one accord, they first "struck out" his nose, then "stole a base,"
From chin to brow, while full one half made "home runs" o'er his face.

These likewise, in due time were gone, when with a whoop and "rush,"
An hundred football teams came on and mash'd him into mush,
All save his head, which served them for a football in their play,
Which linger'd far into the night, till near the break of day.

Next day, alas! his brain cells dull, indignantly refused
To work in any line, and thus he needs must be excused,
And now the supper bell may ring until its clapper burst,
But Sophomore for supper eats just simple tea and toast.





Tennis Association

Officers

| | | | | | |
|-------------------|---|---|---|---|-------------------------|
| W. H. KIRKPATRICK | - | - | - | - | President |
| J. F. GORRELL | - | - | - | - | Vice-President |
| C. D. FORNEY | - | - | - | - | Secretary and Treasurer |

Members of Tennis Association

| | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| THOMPSON, M. A. | MORSE |
| DAFFIN, R. D. | FAISON |
| GORRELL, J. F. | DISMUKES |
| ARROWOOD | FETZER |
| BROWN, P. P. | BAILEY, W. T. |
| KIRKPATRICK | THOMPSON, W. T. |
| JOHNSTON, H. A. | MCDONALD |
| SPRUNT, T. P. | MCLAUGHLIN |
| PEIRCE, C. H. | GILLESPIE |
| PEIRCE, T. | MCKAY |
| CORNELSON | FORNEY |
| RANKIN, F. W. | BUTLER |
| ROWAN | RANKIN, ROY |
| BERRYHILL | MILLS, W. P. |
| HARRISON | DEGRAFFENREID |
| MCALILY | CRAIG |
| MILLS, A. L. | BEATY |
| WHITE | SAVAGE |
| MCKINNON | LACY |
| JAMES, H. | JAMES, A. L. |
| BROWN, J. B. | WILDS |
| MCCALLIE | MCDOWELL |
| TIMMONS | DICKSON |



TENNIS CLUB

"Too Much for the Devil"

The devil came up to the earth one day,
And straight to old Davidson wended his way,
Just as the poor Sophies, with trembling and fear,
To Bill Joe's Soph Chemistry were all drawing near.

Now the devil a chemist never had seen,
For in his dominion no chemist had been ;
So with no other aim than to gain his desire,
The devil accompanied them in to inquire.

Scarce had the fast roll-call come to a close,
When Bill Joe, the Roarer, fiercely arose,
Poured sulphuric acid on some Fe S,
And started to generate H₂ S gas.

Then snorting and stamping, while faster the gas
Poured forth to assail every nose in the class,
The Roarer proceeded, in terms loud and strong,
To scare the poor Sophomores and lecture them long.

The devil, 'tis said, was really amused
To hear the gay students so roundly abused,
And to see them, too frightened to answer a thing,
Give a sweet smile of joy when they heard the bell ring.

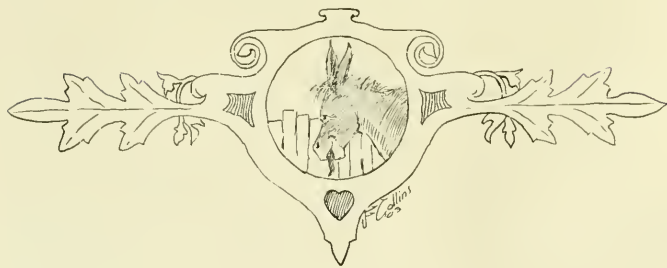
When ten minutes later, Bill Joe did not close,
The devil retired holding tight to his nose,
And when he'd escaped out of reach of the fuss,
He gave a deep sigh and soliloquized thus:

"In Hades I'm used to much ill-smelling gas,
Of sulphur dioxide but not H₂S.
For gases which have all the odors most evil
Those chemists on earth can outdo the devil.

"They gave little Wilkes so much laughing-gas,
That boys can catch smiles whenever they pass.
While McCallie and Ape and Johnny Bass Brown
Have gas machines in them that never run down.

"They lecture and quiz, they rant and cavort,
Till the lives of the students are no longer sport.
My own Pandemonium is bad enough,
But if I had chemists 'twould be the 'hot stuff.'

"Although in my kingdom, Sophs would live and thrive,
I can never, like Bill Joe, 'eat 'em alive,'
My agents were right to let chemists alone,
If I had them, they'd worry me out of my throne."



SELF-PROTECTION OR FINANCIAL RUIN ?

SPEECH

OF

THE MODERN PATRICK

Before the Assembled Student-Body, Monday Morning, April 13, 1903. The Student-Body Having Under Consideration a Bill to Regulate the Price and Number of Books Required by an Extortionate Faculty in a College Course:

Mr. Patrick said:

Mr. President:—It is natural for man to strive for the preservation of his “boodle,” honestly or otherwise; but we are shutting our eyes against the yawning mouth of Old Wooly, that cat’s paw of the Faculty, and he is rapidly transforming us into financial skeletons. Is this the part of wise men so earnestly engaged in an *arduous* struggle for knowledge and subsistence? For my part, whatever anguish of “dough” it may cost, I am willing to find out how much Old Wooly has bugged me, and demand immediate and full restitution of the same. I know of no other way of judging the future depredations on my pocket book, but by the past, and judging by the past, I would like to know what there has been in the conduct of that old crab for the past ten years to justify the fond hopes which we have entertained of a reduction in number and price of books. Is it that insidious smile with which he has lately presented his bill for books sold at war prices? Trust it not, sir, for behind it lurks the evil intention of our financial ruin.

Let not Old Wooly deceive you with a kiss. Let us not, I beseech you, deceive ourselves longer. We have done everything that could be done to avoid these robberies. We have petitioned, we have worked “stunts,” we have prostrated ourselves at his feet and implored the arrest of his scaly hooks as they dragged from us our last dollar. Notwithstanding all this, he has robbed us of our “tin” and spurned us from his den with his characteristic grunts. They say that we are weak and unable to scrap with the powers that be. Shall we gain strength by lying supinely on our backs while Old Wooly pulls our legs till our backbones pop? Sir, we are not weak if we but make a proper use of all the sulphuric words in our vocabulary. Besides, we will not fight our battles alone. The ghosts of those who have been crushed with book bills before us will rise up, as if from the valley of dry bones, and aid us in the conflict. Hinds will also send a troop of Noble cavalry to our rescue. If we expect to have any “spondulies” in the future, Dickie must be sacrificed to Zeus, Long John dropped from *pons asinorum*, Wooly sunk in the depths of the Tiber, and Tommy buried under a heap of sundry works of divers dry authors.

Not only have they committed outrages against the peace and purses of the people, but they have corrupted the morals and gentle manners of one Dandy Jim, who bids fair to become the most greedy octopus of the whole crew. It is in vain to extenuate the matter. Endurance is no longer possible. Our assets may already be heard clanking in the pockets of this unmerciful mob, while the jaws of Wooly are even now snatching at our empty purses.

What is it that the gentlemen wish? Are professors so dear or text books so sweet as to be purchased at the price of everlasting poverty? Forbid it, fellow sufferers, forbid it.

I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me boodle or give me blood!

Editors of Davidson College Magazine

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| | CORNELSON | MCLELLAND |
| | GILLESPIE | |
| | MILLS, W. P. | |

A Beggar

A beggar I sit by the king's highway,
Where scornful I sat on a day of yore,
And would not the gifts of the king that day;
But now, as I fall at his feet, implore:

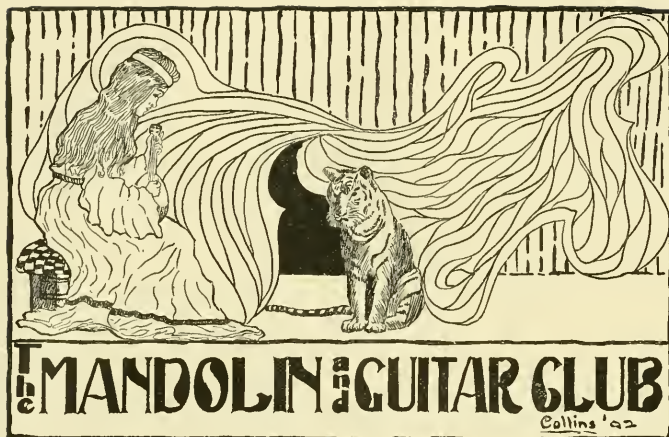
"A boon, O my lord, from the hand I spurned!
Not silver or gold, nor honor rare,
But grant to a rebel from folly turned
To walk in thy train as the meanest there.

To serve at thy will; I forgiven would live
For thee." In answer the king's reply:
"The boon may not be, though the sin I forgive—
Once only the heart of a man asked I."

"Yet, lord, see these rags, and this shame of face!
Behold how I grieve for my folly's stain!
Now make me thy vassal—forgive with grace
The days when my heart would not have thee reign."

I cry; yet the king will but answer nay.
Rejected before, no prayers him move.
A beggar I sit by Life's highway—
And the name of the king? His name is Love.





1902—1903

N. T. WAGNER, *Leader*

W. F. O'KELLEY, *Manager*

Violin

H. JAMES

W. F. O'KELLEY

A. P. HASSELL

M. B. IVES

Mandolin

N. T. WAGNER

Guitar

O. R. HILL

A. L. JAMES, JR.

T. H. DEGRAFFENREID

Violincello

P. S. EASLEY

Banjo

W. H. HARRIS

Piano

W. T. BAILEY

Triangle

B. R. LACY, JR.



ORCHESTRA

JAMES, H.

HASSELL

BAILEY, W. T.

O'KELLY

JAMES, A. L.

HARRIS

WAGNER

HILL

EASLEY

Circulation
3,069,542

The Gasometer

WEATHER
About the same as usual
with probable change

"What is Truth?"

VOLUME I

DAVIDSON, NORTH CAROLINA

NUMBER I

REVOLUTION IN MARS

RIOT IN THE CAPITAL

Great Excitement on the Celestial Sphere—The First Great Upheaval in the Reign of Henry Louis I.

February 17th, by Wireless Telegraph.

The past five days have witnessed the greatest excitement ever known on this celestial orb. On Thursday evening, the 15th inst., Henry Louis I sat in his boudoir musing upon the days spent upon the earth, and rejoicing that the dull monotony of mundane life was over.

He who had undertaken a puerile pilgrimage under the leadership of John Bunyan had at last arrived at the top of the Delectable Mountain and Bunyan had become his chief adviser and second in authority. Louis had also gathered around him other notables from different climes and ages. William the Conqueror, Richard the Lion hearted, Lord Chesterfield, familiarly known as "Tommie," Archibald, who once claimed to be an authority on religion, but later fell from grace; "Douglas, tender and true," called for short "Dandy Jim;" Caleb, who like Joshua was a conscientious as well as a successful spy; "John the Good," who had been famous for his prayers in public and yarns in private.

These be the Lords and Princes who share with Henry Louis I the authority of this realm. But Louis did not muse long on the past. A smile flitted across his face and turning to a corner of the room he opened a cabinet where stood an Optocolometer, the most powerful optical instrument ever yet devised. Having adjusted it to the one millionth part of a millimeter, His Majesty called to his first knave and said: "Come hither my son, and let me take another peep at the royal color that flows through the veins of the future Henry II." Scarcely were these words uttered.

"When there came a rapping, gentle rapping at his chamber door."

Three knights, stern and dignified, entered and asked for a private interview.

Just what transpired at this secret conference is not definitely known, but not long after this the whole face of nature was changed. The hitherto peaceful, sunny sky was now covered with angry clouds of war, lighted at frequent intervals by lurid flashes of lightning.

A meeting was called by the upper clansmen in a hall lighted by the electricity in the air. The thundering eloquence of indignant knights boded no good to those who had offended their dignity. Efforts were made to shunt the electrical current but the meeting adjourned with a powerful charge of positive electricity ready to pounce upon the negative pole—if it could be found.

Men were seen hurrying to and fro with consternation on their faces. Crowds collected here and there in anxious consultation.

The most quiet, determined group

your correspondent saw was three upper clansmen accoutred as it appeared for recreation. I asked: "Are you going to Lake Wiley for a row?" They replied: "No, we are going to settle this row."

Here and there figures could be seen gliding stealthily out of the city. With considerable difficulty I succeeded in overtaking one of them and in reply to my inquiries as to the reason of his flight and whither he was going he said: "This place is getting too warm for me, I'm going to Hades."

But there was one man in the city great and good, who devoted his life to warning men against going in that direction. So he called to his side a trusted lieutenant and they started in rapid pursuit. After a swift and perilous ride they overtook the fleeing underclansmen, at the edge of the planet preparing to jump. Here they found "Dandy Jim" looking his best. Lord Chesterfield making his nicest speeches, Richard the Lion Hearted warning the men that he would not excuse them from their duties next day and William the Conqueror, who waved his sword and said: "By Jupiter, I'll give protection to every one who desires it."

After varied exhortations and promises the fugitives were induced to return to the city. Then began the negotiations for peace with the two gentlemen of the famous ride acting as intermediaries.

The Casus Belli was two-fold:

First, The underclansmen had dug two new ditches on Mars, which was strictly forbidden by the unwritten laws of the planet.

Second, They had also ascended and taken seats upon the mountain tops, which prerogative belonged exclusively to the upper clansmen.

The proposition for a settlement was that the ditches should be filled, and the lower clansmen promises to stay upon the plains and apologize for their previous uprightness.

Under the eyes of the aforesaid intermediaries the ditches were filled one night by the under clansmen, while most of the upper clansmen were off on a visit to Venus.

As to the other proposition, it was easy enough to get down to the plain and promise to stay there, but it was more difficult to express regret for having scaled the mountain.

Gradually, however, the under clansmen began to see themselves with prophetic eye expanding into superior beings when they too could occupy these seats of honor and look down upon others.

To Currie favor like Dixon, to smile like Cornelison, to buck the line like Forney, to orate like Bob Johnston, simply Dunn the work and the under clansmen signed up.

If in the terms of settlement any one felt that he had made undue concession he was doubtless fully repaid by the enthusiasm and joy which attended the final announcements.

Who does not feel his bosom swell with pride when Louis I says: "I have always declared that Mars is the most remarkable planet in creation. Such a commotion as we have had, although unique and unheard of in our domains, has been settled in a manner that is simply unparalleled in history and could not have been effected anywhere else in the universe."

MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY

Dr. Handsome Jim, of Davidson, Makes an Important Discovery Which Explains One of the Most Profound Modern Geological Problems

Dr. Handsome Jim, Professor of Geology at Davidson College, has created quite a sensation in Geological circles by his announcement of the discovery of the protoplasm from which the snakes and insects of the Mesozoic or "Jim Jam" age originated.

While making excavations under the seats in the Commencement Hall, the Doctor discovered a fossil bearing a striking resemblance to our modern demijohn. Just above this fossil was found a thin strata of sandstone, upon which were the markings of reptiles, worms and various insects. Just above this sand strata were the fossils of a coat, suspenders, trousers and a battered plug.

Prof Jim thinks the Jim Jam period identical with that of the Sandstone formation, which immediately followed the Demijohn period, and is dependent upon this period for its animal life. He argues that the fossils of the insects and reptiles could be found, not the Jim Jam period being brought to an abrupt close by a violent upheaval, indications of which are easily found in the fossils of this period. This upheaval was caused by the laying down of the fossils of the coat, etc.

The discovery of this Demijohn fossil has solved one of the greatest of modern Geological enigmas, exploded all the pseudo-theories of Dr. Henry Louis and other noted Geologists, and placed the discoverer on the weather vane of Fame's Temple.

ATROCIOUS MURDER.

Meager accounts are coming in of a foul and atrocious murder which took place recently in the very shadow of Morrow Castle within twenty feet of a row of bristling guns which are supposed to protect the citizens of our country. The victim of this crime was Mr. Dim S. Rooster, one of the oldest inhabitants of Mecklenburg county, and the perpetrator was Lord Pelham, of Morrow Castle.

For forty years the deceased had heralded in no uncertain tones the approach of the Sun God. But for the past three years a tremor, due to extreme old age, had been noticeable in the old veteran's voice, and his step, once so elastic, had become feeble and halting. Despite these indispositions, due to age, Dr. John Peter, the family physician, stated that Rooster would have lived at least three hours longer had not the miscreant Pelham, fearing an economic loss, cut short his eventful career with an infernal machine, and the old hero cashed in his chips without a squawk.

Not only was this estimable citizen stricken down in cold blood, but his mangled and unrecognizable remains were served up as a savory dish to appease the appetites of the ravenous boarders. Mr. Rooster was game even after death, for before his bones had been picked, he succeeded in prizing out all the molars of his cannibalistic devourers.

The Gasometer

PUBLISHED BY
THE GASOMETER PUBLISHING COMPANY

The Gasometer is published, whenever it is deemed necessary. Its object is to enlighten its readers, and to afford its editors a little harmless amusement.

Subscription rates—There are none. This paper is conducted entirely in the interests of charity; hence its enormous circulation.

Advertisements—We do not solicit ads. If we happen to hear of any needy firm, we generally give them a small ad to help them along, and incidentally to fill up space.

Correspondents will please enclose stamps for return mail, with all manuscript, as we have to return a great deal of such stuff, and the Government refuses to allow it to pass free.

Greetings: As this, the first copy of The Gasometer, goes to press, the Editors wish to say that they have no apology to make. We do not feel our inability to ruffle the readers' serenity with our ludicrousness. We realize that some imagine the field of journalism to be very well covered in this section, but we consider that such a newsy sheet as we propose to place before the unsuspecting public will bear down all opposition which our contemporaries may throw in our path, and that our efforts will at last be crowned with success.

EDITORIALS.

The Dr. Shearer Division Bill, providing for the fair and impartial division of the Fresh Bible class hours, between the Math and Latin professors, passed the supreme council without a dissenting vote. The passage of this bill is a double surprise to politicians; first, that the council had the audacity to even consider the bill without first consulting the Fresh, and, secondly, that the Fresh, on the passage of the bill, did not immediately retire to Cornelius.

There is a report extant that Dr. William R. Gray will retire from his position as professor of Latin and French at Davidson College, and devote his time to cattle and horse raising. It were a matter of much regret did the highly classical William degenerate into an ordinary Bronco Bill.

The Davidson College Bulletin, though one of the youngest, is the most ably and elaborately edited of our contemporaries. It recommends itself to all readers desiring a plain, unvarnished statement of facts. Indeed, its thorough reliability is a twentieth century wonder.

It should be a matter of great pride to Davidson people to know that they have in their midst a real, live philanthropist and hero. During the recent insurrection this estimable citizen, who withholds his name through modesty, offered the Fresh his coal-cellar, backyard fence, a blunderbuss, two 38's, a dagger, bludgeons, brass-knucks and

brick-bats galore; and even a few drops of his sanguinary solution as a protection against their howling and blood-thirsty opponents. And if from the horrible nature of affairs this wouldn't suffice he offered to go before them, with knees quaking from a proud sense of duty, to the depot and see every mother's son of them properly tagged and ready for shipment.

If Dickie would keep his German and Greek classes in a flourishing condition he should furnish a number of free passes. Students cannot afford to take them without some guarantee of 70.

Incidents demonstrating the corruption which pervades the atmosphere surrounding the supreme council are unfortunately becoming too numerous. The latest outrage perpetrated to deprive the Seniors of a two weeks vacation which has been accorded the Sr. class ever since the foundation of the college. No cause is assigned for this atrocious deed. We would suggest that the council chamber be thoroughly fumigated with sulphur and then rinsed with a double solution of bi-chloride as a primary step toward the extermination of the creatures which now infest it.

Much interest is being manifested in the approaching McDowell damage case. As our readers doubtless remember, Mr. McDowell had the misfortune to snag the seat out of his trousers on a prominent nail in one of the church pews just after Christmas. He immediately instituted a suit for damage against the college on the grounds that he is compelled by the institution to attend church. Mr. McDowell has secured the services of Mr. W. P. Mills as prosecuting attorney, while the defence has employed Dr. H. L. Smith. The argumentative faculties of the two gentlemen are about equal (the former possibly having a slight advantage in this respect), and a battle royal will be the result. The case will be tried before His Honor, Judge Hiram Potts, March 31.

The announcement of Prof. Cooper that More's Utopia is located in or around Washington, D. C., is exciting a great deal of varied comment.

One of the most complete mechanical appliances yet constructed is an automatic chair, invented by Dr. H. L. Smith, and especially designed for the use of Freshmen.

The chair is so arranged that the instant a Fresh comes within reach, it catches him, rolls him over and an electric spanker gets in its deadly work. Next the unhappy victim is seated in an upright position, a book is placed in his hands and a phonographic appliance tells him to "go down the pike." Should the book placed in his hands be a Latin or Greek volume, a pony appears, instantly vanishing if a stranger approaches. Similarly, when a Math book advances for consideration, it is immediately followed by a key, while a syllabus is accompanied by a book

of hoary-headed jokes, and an English book by a pail of water. If for any reason the Fresh should grow inattentive, the spanker again appears on the scene of action. Should he grow homesick, a music box plays "Home, Sweet Home!" a nursing bottle presents itself and "Mother Goose Melodies" takes the place of text-books. At 11:25 p. m. the chair deposits its onerous burden in the bed, dragging it out again at 7:25 a. m. But by far the most laudable work of this phenomenal chair is a cold bath which it administers to its occupant twice a week.

Verily, the inventor of such a piece of mechanism has wheels in his head.

We have on our desk a booklet entitled: "Poems by Robert Dale." Too much cannot be said of this effort, the writer evidently having the real gift. We predict that ere long these poems will occupy the place they so well deserve—the waste basket.

Sad indeed it is to behold the youthful seeker after cleanliness as he issues from the Davidson bath house on a cold winter day. He approaches this much mooted department rejoicing in his heart that all foreign material upon his person will soon be swept away. But alas for the fond delusions of hope; for having performed his ablutions, the last state of that man is worse than the first. He enters a Caucasian, he comes out an Ethiopian of blackest hue; for the ice cold water descending in a roaring torrent is not sufficient to prevent the shivering victim from receiving a thick coating of soot from the smoke pouring in dense volumes from the patent, quick-action heater (?) while a continuous shower of ice pellets play a merry tune on the deluded one's back. We, therefore, propose that the name, bath house, be succeeded by the more suitable appellation "Cold Storage Suable House."

TOAST.

To all whose eyes, as summer skies,
Are clearest, deepest blue,
Whose bright depths gleam, as starlight's beam
The heavens twinkle through.
To blue eyes all, a toast I call,
For they are always true—
How do I know that this is so?
My sweetheart's eyes are blue.

TESTIMONIAL.

MR. BILLY BRIGGS, student at Davidson College, N. C., writes:

I was well and perfectly happy; all medicine had failed to alter my condition, but after taking three doses of "Dr. Bowman's Botanic Blood Balm for Bowlegged and Bullheaded Boys," I have been enabled to remain in my room for at least three days in the week, and to give the invaluable excuse of "sick" for all recitations missed during my confinement.

McCallie & Irwin,

DAVIDSON BRASS COMPANY.

We furnish our own raw material.

LOCALS.

Dr. Hery Lous Smith, President of Davidson College, spent a few days in this vicinity last March.

It is reported that one of our sweet voiced sophomores is soon to lead a fair damsel to Hymen's altar, if the Med. doesn't get ahead of him.

Spratt was actually seen in the Physics laboratory one evening last week. This conduct could not be explained till it was learned that he had just stopped in a moment to speak to a friend.

Our eminent scholar and valued friend, Mr. Harry Ruff, is in this flourishing city of Davidson today. He came here from Mooresville. Tomorrow he leaves us, by way of Potts' Delivery, and continues his well-planned itinerary, which embraces the following prolonged hesitations: Liverpool, Huntersville, Charlotte, Rock Hill, Yorkville and several other cities of like importance, which are included within the boundaries of the Palmetto State. We wish him the best of luck on his Journey, and only hope that other people can appreciate his peculiar virtues and *superficial wit* as we appreciate them.

Parson Knox spent several hours recently in the Mt. Zion circuit.

Society elections are drawing near and the whispered voice of the candidate is again heard in the land.

Our esteemed friend "Lulu" Shannon is in danger of becoming a proselyte to the Methodist persuasion.

The Dismukes & Ape brand of veracity is unique in the extreme and is giving the Tucker brand a race for its money now.

It is reported that "Sister" McNeill appeared in a shirt one day last week.

Our recent Field Day was very pleasant to all who didn't feel badly.

One the above occasion Mr. Peter Harrison talked to so many girls that he awoke next morning with the lockjaw. It is hoped that he will continue in this condition.

No one knows why, but it is a fact that Pete McLelland and Long John were both at prayers one day this week.

Each and every one of the boarders at the Plumer house was seized with consternation, and could hardly believe their eyes, when they beheld Dr. W. Parsley Mills, *Adjunct Corrector of Fresh Essays*, advancing towards his place at the festive board, only five minutes after the asking of the blessing.

We extend our congratulations to Brother Hiram Pitts for the recent addition to his family.

DICKIE'S DOWNFALL.

Verily doth the great oak from the little acorn grow, and one false step lead to another, till the best of lives have been wrecked. The beginning of Dickie's downward career may be said to date from that eventful day on which he planted a vineyard. For, had he had no vines he would have had no grapes; had he had no grapes he would have made no wine; had he made no wine he could have drunk no wine, and O, what a tragedy would have been averted! But having the grapes and such fine, juicy grapes, the temptation to make the wine proved too strong, and he applied to a connoisseur to give him lessons in the same. Alas for his hopes! The efforts of the first season produced only vinegar—harmless, useful vinegar—but with the determination which had made the mastering of the Greek language possible, he tried again the next year, and this time was the happy possessor of a quantity of what his friends declared was good wine. (And his friends had ample opportunity to judge, for Dickie never had a stingy bone in his body.)

Each succeeding year his efforts have been crowned with still greater success, in consequence of which he has grown bolder and increased the quantity made, till last fall found him with a surplus which was put away to mellow. Daily did he visit that jug, and delight to find the improvement which could be detected in the odor, and occasionally he allowed himself the pleasure of one small taste, to note the change which time had wrought. And many were the plans he laid for the good times he would have when he could share with his convivial friends the good cheer that jug contained.

But the vengeance of fate is cruel and a Nemesis watched over these plans. For the spirit of mischief, as is its wont, entered two small boys, one cold winter morn, and they, following in Father's footsteps, as small boys will, repaired to the sanctum to examine that precious jug. When they poured our just a bit of the contents, "cause that's the way father does," the beauty of the sparkle caught their eyes, as it has been catching the eye of the unwary for time immemorial. So they decided that it would be such fun to turn the jug over and watch the beautiful fluid gurggle out of the mouth and run down the hill; and nobody would ever know who did it. With a promptness born of decision of character, an unhejited trait, the deed was done, and the flowing stream was watched on its downward, sparkling course with the utmost glee. The stopper was replaced and the jug was being returned when, alas! they were discovered. Small Woolly declared that small Dickie had pulled out the stopper, and small Dickie insisted that small Woolly had turned over the jug. * * * With a promptness born of decision of character, the trait which had been inherited, and of wrath which has

long been known as one of the evil effects of excess of wine, small Dickie was thrashed most soundly, and small Woolly was led to his sorrowing parents, who were invited to follow the good example of their neighbors, and to take wise Solomon's advice. But after due and deliberate reflection, made possible by their not having had any wine, the Woolles decided that the long-continued separation of the youths would result in a more permanent improvement in small Woolly's morals, so he was put under restriction for some weeks. And there was the sound of much walling in the land!

Feeling that they had performed their respective duties most conscientiously, the fond parents withdrew for quiet and meditation—the Dickies over what was not in their jug; the Woolleys over what was in their son. But the commotion had brought the small Tommies to the scene and after much consultation with each of the culprits that they might offer their sympathy impartially land get from them both sides of the story, they run home "to tell Mama," and into her sympathizing ear, with many gasps of excitement, do they pour this tale of woe:

"Mama, did you hear 'bout poor little Dickie and poor little Woolly? They went into the Dickies' house just now and found Dr. Dickie just a drinkin' wine and a gettin' so drunk. And little Woolly felt so sorry for little Dickie 'cause his papa was a gettin' drunk, that he said he'd help stop him. So they went and got the jug of wine, and little Dickie pulled out the stopper and little Woolly he turned over the jug, and they let all the wine run out on the ground; and, before they could put the jug back, Dr. Dickie caught 'em, and they whipped poor little Dickie so hard, and they took poor little Woolly home and told his papa, and they just scolded him awful, and ain't goin' to let him come out of his yard any more for the longest time. Not even to see us. And all just 'cause they tried to keep poor little Dickie's papa from gettin' drunk any more."

Out of the mouth of babes do we often get our truest bits of knowledge, and it is to the small Tommies that we are indebted for this unmasking of Dickie and the true story of his downfall.

Shaving Parlors.

When you wish an easy shave,
As good as barber ever gave,
Call on me at my own room
At morning, eve or noon.
I cut and dress the hair with grace
To suit the contour of the face,
My room is neat and towels clean.
Scissors sharp and razors keen,
And everything I think you'll find
To suit the face and please the mind.
And all my art and skill will do
If you just call, I'll do for you.

J. L. GIBSON,
Tonsorial Artist,
Spence House

ANSWERS to CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents will please send all questions to Mr. J. W. McNeill. All information is free provided a few stamps are enclosed for gas expended.

"Economist."—There has been no division among the students with reference to the strike. However, we give you this as a pointer: the Fresh are generally in front of the strike, and the Sophs behind them.

"F. C. L."—We have not space for a detailed account of the process of seasoning green lumber. The usual method for seasoning Fresh is the application of H 2 S. This, however, proved ineffective in the case of some who are yet in a green old age—Beaty, Deacon Carr, Dickie and others.

M'gr. Opera House.—No. Harrison's engagements are not all made for this season. He may be secured to sing tenor in your troupe at reasonable rates.

R. T. Junior.—It is not safe to do too much wire-pulling. Sometimes the puller gets pulled and then there is — to pay.

Suffering Populus.—We are sorry to inform you that our X-ray machine is not strong enough to discover exactly how many instruments are in Yeargan's throat, but we found 14 cross saws, 42 large combs, one lawn mower, 7 Jew's harps, 3 cross-bars and eight tin horns. These are used for producing tenor.

Bryant and Stratton.—Yes, Beaty will make a splendid professor of Penmanship. We refer you to the College Bulletin Board and the Asheville Steam Laundry for further information.

D. E. J.—The report that the Consolidated Gas Company has obtained control of the entire supply of natural gas, is untrue. At last reports John Bass Brown had not entered the combine.

Constant Reader.—We do not know who is the author of the quotation mentioned, but you have misquoted. The correct form is, "None but himself can be his parallel," and was spoken originally of Long John. As you gave it, "None but himself can read his parallel," it might properly be applied to Dickie.

Fresh-Cr-sw-ll.—We hardly think it proper that you should hold hands in so public a place. However, under different circumstances it would be perfectly proper.

Patient Sufferer.—(1) If gentler measures fail, we would advise that you send that beefsteak to the Bethlehem Steel Works. The trip-hammer there, which is used for forging armor-plate, might have some effect in softening it. The hammer is insured, so you will lose nothing by the trial. (2) There is no remedy for the trouble you complain of; it is one of those ills to which flesh is heir. You should not expect to find more than one oyster in boarding-house stew.

WANT COLUMN.

Wanted—A chew.—A. L. Mills.

Wanted—To know how many absences from chapel Bill Joe and Long John are allowed per week.

Wanted—Something else to manage—Sprat.

Wanted—A set of good manners to replace a hopelessly worn out set—Nicholson.

Wanted—To make commencement engagements for any young lady who can furnish recommendations of good moral character.—"Little Bo."

To Exchange—A text-book in Junior Physics in place of Carhart's.—Jun. Phys. Class.

To Exchange—Smiles—I have on hand a large and assorted stock. Any one may apply except Tommy—Fresh Wilkes.

For Sale—"Captivating Ways"—A little booklet by myself. Its methods have been tried with success and are guaranteed to charm the ladies. Call at once and avoid the rush.—Arch. Currie.

Lost—A Fresh—He strayed off into the woods looking for Cornelius and has not yet returned. He was small, blond, and of a greenish hue. Any information will be gladly received. H. L. Smith.

For Sale—Two Pistols and a shot gun. They were slightly injured while I was protecting the Fresh, but can still be used for 'bluffing' as well as ever. Bill Joe the Roarer.

"Poet" sends us the following lines for our criticism. Having been able to find no words to properly express our appreciation of them, we print them here for the delectation and elevation of our dear readers. "Poets" philosophy is a very comprehensive grasp of "this sorry scene of things entire," as another poet has said.

The Way of the World.

The King, he sits on his throne of state,

While thousands cheer from serried ranks;

The Queen with slipper and mien sedate

In secret the heir-apparent spansks.

Thus ways the world. The loudest applause it

Awards to those that make the show;
And quite forgets the slipper and closet

DERIDING danger, defying death, desperate dare-devil Deraffenreid drinks one dozen doses of Dr. Dowd's dreaded drug for dull dunce and drives the ball diagonally across the diamond down a decline, destroying one dozen dusky daries, delighting the devilish dudes.

In the recent "looking pretty" contest, Mr. Ives of the freshman class carried off first prize.

Davidson Bureau of Information.

Knowledge furnished on any subject at short notice. No charge to students. Conducted by Yeargan & McKeithan.

A Boon to Agents!

"How to get the meat out of a chestnut." One of the slickest articles out: 240 pages. Liberal terms. H. Frank & Jay, Publishers.

Hassel's Hair Vigor.

Guaranteed to grow hair on a dead. Remarkable as a beard producer. Testimonials by Duffie, Ives and Dickie.

Swift and Straight

Sped the sphere that struck Skit, the skillful shortstop, on the finger. Dire and dreadful was the pain resulting therefrom. Large and Black was the bruise that quickly appeared on the injured member. Instant was the cure so wonderfully wrought by one application of

DR. BREWIN'S BALSAM

FOR

Broken Bones and Ingrowing Bumps.

THE most aggravated cases of "bellows," whether of man or beast, are instantly cured by a single dose of Languid I. Joebills KNOCK-OUT DROPS.

MAUD MULLER

Could never have "Raked the Meadow Sweet with Hay" had it not been for grass. Prolific "hay seed" in unlimited quantities.

Apply to J. WALKER MOORE,
"Grassier Green"

For Rent.

A pair of my cast off shoes—suitable for a small family who wish to do light housekeeping. Modern conveniences, including gas.

H. G. McDOWELL.

A Treatise on Binocular Vision
or VANAIGRETTE

By PROF. W. PLUMER MILLS

A "lengthy" discourse upon the synonymous relation between an opera glass and a vinaigrette. This book can be obtained from the Mills-Harrison combination, one of the most reliable firms in the county for literary productions.

Sprunt & Sprunt,

Dealers in the most improved models of chair cushions and other producers of rest.

Professional Card.

I can heal most any ailment of the human body. Provided: I am caught when not busy or thinking about something more important. I have no time which you can call your own, or which I can call leisure, except on the train between Davidson and Charlotte; so if you want to consult me about your physical welfare you had better come and go to Charlotte. Please do not disturb me if I am engaged in reading the Gasometer or conversing with Capt. Tom Rowland.

DR. JOHN PETER MUNROE.

OFFICE HOURS:

When I Am Not Otherwise Engaged.



Officers

| | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----------------------|
| W. P. MILLS, '03 | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>President</i> |
| H. H. CALDWELL, '03 | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Vice-President</i> |
| R. D. DICKSON, '04 | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Secretary</i> |
| E. D. KERR, '04 | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Treasurer</i> |

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| | | |
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| H. H. CALDWELL | P. P. BROWN | H. A. KNOX |
| R. D. DICKSON | W. M. DUNN | W. S. PATTERSON |

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Bible Study

| | | | |
|-------------------------|----------------|------------|-------------|
| H. H. CALDWELL, Ch'm'n. | W. W. ARROWOOD | E. D. KERR | H. F. BEATY |
|-------------------------|----------------|------------|-------------|

Missionary

| | | | |
|------------------------|------------|-----------------|----------------|
| R. D. DICKSON, Ch'm'n. | W. M. DUNN | C. A. CORNELSON | W. F. O'KELLEY |
|------------------------|------------|-----------------|----------------|

Rehational

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| P. P. BROWN, Chairman | R. D. DICKSON | D. W. McIVER |
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Membership

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| W. M. DUNN, Chairman | R. K. TIMMONS | M. L. MCKINNON |
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Finance

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Lookout

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| W. S. PATTERSON, Chairman | E. D. CARR | M. L. MCKINNON |
|---------------------------|------------|----------------|

Property

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| R. D. DAFFIN, Chairman | A. R. McQUEEN | L. W. WHITE |
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Hall Campaign

| | | |
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| H. A. JOHNSTON, Chairman | R. T. GILLESPIE | W. T. GIBSON |
| J. H. McLELLAND | W. T. THOMPSON | C. W. ERVIN |

Glee Club



1902—1903

PAUL P. BROWN - - - - - Leader

First Tenor

W. H. KIRKPATRICK

P. P. BROWN

D. W. McIVER

J. S. BAILEY

J. A. MAWHINNEY

Second Tenor

P. S. EASLEY

T. J. HUTCHISON

First Bass

W. E. COOPER

M. A. THOMPSON

A. P. HASSELL

Second Bass

A. R. McQUEEN

W. H. HARRIS

J. O. MANN

B. R. SMITH

A. A. McDONALD

Pianist

W. T. BAILEY

To a Singer

Didst thou catch the skylark's gift
Thus to soar
On song's pinions strong and swift
To heaven's door?
Or did some sweet seraph, singing
In compassion
Drop for thee those high notes ringing
In a fashion,
With a passion
Earth hath never heard before?

O. H.



GLEE CLUB

| | | | | | | |
|---------------|-----------------|--------|-----------|-----------|---------|-------------|
| COOPER | EASLEY | SMITH | M'DONALD | HUTCHISON | M'IVER | KIRKPATRICK |
| BAILEY, J. S. | THOMPSON, M. A. | HARRIS | MAWHINNEY | BROWN | HASSELL | MANN |

Hugna Inter Canes

LONG JOHN considered that it was up to him to see that his younger brother keep in the straight and narrow path; so every morning he conscientiously kicked Dandy Jim out of bed in time for prayers, but he himself always turned over for another nap. This was continued for so long that at last no one expected Long John to go to prayers.

But on the third day of December, Long John awoke of his own accord some time before time for the rising bell. He contorted himself into various shapes, and tried again and again to woo sleep back to his pillow. But though Long John's success in wooing has been phenomenal, yet this time sleep refused to respond to his gentle entreaties.

When finally the rising bell began to ring, Dandy Jim, at Long John's side, gave a long snore and gently opened his big, blue eyes. Slowly a look of wonder crept into those beauteous orbs, for "Johnnie was awake." This could not possibly be his brother, and yet it was Long John, for just at this moment he began slowly to draw into the room the lower extremity of his body, which, having become cramped in the small room, he had thrust out of the window for comfort. Dandy could no longer doubt that this was his brother, for this was a stunt peculiar to Long John.

Yes, Long John was actually going to prayers. He got up in a dazed kind of a way, and began drawing on yard after yard of his nether garments. This was the most tedious part of the operation, for his

feet sometimes became confused in the winding mazes of the labyrinth that they were compelled to pass through; but it was finally completed to his satisfaction. Then having quickly finished dressing, he helped Dandy to comb down his curls, and to arrange the rat under the pompadour that the girls had admired so often. It would be interesting to know how Dandy got his vest buttoned. The details have not yet been made public, but it is reported that jack screws figure very prominently in the operation.

As the last bell began to ring, Long John and Dandy, being fully dressed, strolled over to the chapel, hand in hand, followed by a beautiful setter dog that belonged to Long John. This intelligent animal had never before seen his master up so early, and followed to investigate the matter. As fate would have it, there was a Sophomore in College who also owned a dog—a bull-terrier—and unfortunately this dog also followed his master to prayers on this particular morning.

After Dandy had instructed Long John as to how to behave in prayers, he led the way into the chapel, sank into a seat, and was followed by Long John after the latter had unfastened his chin from one of those ornamental pink rafters, which he had not looked down upon in time to avoid.

And now all the students are in their seats, the bell has ceased to ring, and Old Puss has just announced, "Let us sing No. 123."

Just as these words were spoken, there

arose near the center of the chapel a mighty roar. Immediately everything was in confusion. It is reported that Shannon turned three somersaults backwards, and landed in Wooly's arms, which frightened the poor boy so badly that he fainted on the spot. Dickie thought that the Minotaur of Grecian Mythology must have come back to life, so falling under a seat he began to crawl toward the door, being in such a hurry that he actually lost a piece of talc that he had carried ever since he left Biddle. Wooly sprung up on the back of a seat to see what all this noise was about. It is reported that what he saw excited him so that he actually smiled—a sure sign that something terrible had happened. At any rate he was so excited that his tongue refused to speak English, and he broke forth into a jabbering mixture of Latin and French, “*Modo duo canes pugnantes, j'ai vu.*”

Dandy Jim thought that some wild animal had gotten into the chapel, so he whispered to Long John, “supposin’ that’s a tiger? I’ll give him a very exceedingly powerful shock.” With these words Dandy began to prepare for the benefit of the supposed “tiger” an electric battery by touching together in his mouth the ends of his pocket knife and a piece of copper wire which he happened to have in his pocket. By this means Dandy proposed to generate 1-1000 of a volt of electricity, which he thought would surprise that tiger most exceedingly much.

It is with sadness of heart and with the greatest reluctance that we relate Tommie’s misfortune, and yet the duty that we owe to posterity forces us to do so. Tommie tried to go under the seats as Dickie had done, but being frightened he contorted his face so that his mouth and

one hair of his mustache became entangled on the end of the seat in front of him and held him in this terrible position. The hair, alas, soon pulled out, but the kink in his mouth held poor Tommie fast.

Long John was the only one who seemed to have an inkling of what had happened. Recognizing a familiar note in that roar, he rose—alas, for the ceiling. In his haste he had no regard for those new rafters, the pride of Puss’ heart, and damaged them to such an extent that it required an expenditure of twenty cents by Old Puss in order to repair the injury—this expenditure rendered Old Puss financially defunct for two months. Without noticing this injury, and being in a hurry, Long John, with one stride, stepped over the twenty intervening benches and appeared at the scene of the conflict. His presentment had come true. That bull dog had his dear setter by the toe and was holding on with vengeful tenacity. Now Long John was a man of infinite resources and of great courage. Realizing that the time for action had come, he seized the bull dog by the throat and shook that unfortunate animal until it was beyond the power of even bull dog tenacity to hold on any longer, then with a scornful laugh he threw the poor beast from him.

Now Wooly was still standing on the back of the bench, and was watching the battle from afar. Unfortunately the bull dog, hurled by Long John’s mighty arm, came straight toward him and struck him full on his bald spot. Unable any longer to maintain his insecure position, Wooly fell forward with such a dreadful cry that Bill Joe, roused from his dream, snatched up a bloody toy pistol—of Malcome’s—and roaring dreadfully, sallied forth to kill the savage who was disturbing his repose.

In the meantime quiet was being restored in the chapel. Wooly arose, more frightened than hurt, for he had fallen on the bull dog and had sustained no serious injury, but the bull dog never smiled again. Dickie, when he saw that all danger was past, sheepishly crawled from under the seats, and having with great difficulty relieved Tommie from his horrible predicament, rushed to see if Bobbie was safe. Tommie was almost inconsolable from the loss of his whisker, but was finally pacified by Old Puss who promised him a bottle

of "Ayers Hair Vigor." Dandy Jim extracted his battery from his mouth so hastily that he wounded his tongue so that he was unable to "supposin" for a week. Archie was found in the corner weeping bitterly for his mama, but was finally comforted by a bottle of "soothing syrup." Long John, indignant at the way his pet had been treated, left the hall vowing never to return, which vow the Faculty and students sincerely hope he will keep if he brings any more setters with him.



THE SEAT OF ALL TROUBLE

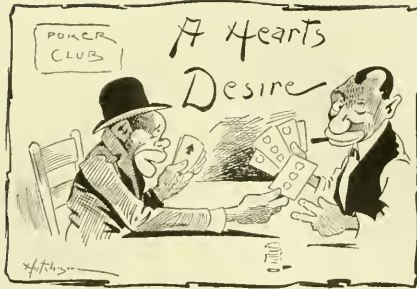
Among the Flowers

As stars look down upon the night,
Whose beauty they create,
And smile, not knowing that their smile
Is half the night's fair state,
So now you stand with loving gaze
Fixed on the flower's guise,
Nor dream that all the beauty there
Is shining from your eyes.

Love's Plea

Love, would'st thou have my heart?
Take it, keep it, make it
Pure as thou art.
In every thought I would think of thee.
My life is thine, my love is free
To hover 'round thy being, asleep, awake,
Life's nectar from thy smiles I take,
And live by thoughts of thee.

Love, would'st thou break my heart?
Heal it, keep it, soothe it
By some gentle art;
And every hour I would live for thee
And a heart's true love give to thee
To linger when beauty's fair form is gone,
And life of all but love is shorn--
The love I gave to thee.



Soph's Farewell to His Pony

O'er many a rough and rugged way
 By Greek and Roman sore beset,
 Where Xenophon's ten thousand marched
 Or Caesar and the Galli met;

To Tiber where with love and wine
 Sweet Horace sometime made his home;
 Through monstrous prodigies and wars
 Which (Livy said) took place at Rome;

To Athens where old Socrates
 His unavailing defense made;
 Or where the Roman Cicero
 His classic eloquence displayed;

O noble steed, swift as the Hinds
 Which on the mountain pastures play,
 Dear pony! snug upon thy back
 We safe have ridden all the way.

But now the toilsome journey's done,
 We are no longer forced to ride;
 With joyful heart and careless hand
 We lay thee on the shelf aside.

O Pegasus and Mercury,
 Steed and interpreter in one,
 We leave thee for a later class—
 Receive our plaudits now: "Well done!"

The Reception

(As Told by a Typical Freshman.)

I AM just a Fresh, and I don't know how to write anything, but they told me to write a piece about that reception down at the girls' College, and I'm going to try it. Well, I didn't know whether to go to that thing or not. To tell the truth, I was a little bit scared to go, but I decided that, as I came here to learn, I ought to go down and learn something. Before we started I spent much time in making the preparations for the journey. I got out my Sunday suit, brushed it good, put in pegs where buttons were missing, shined my shoes till my arms ached, and after a great struggle fastened on my new four-inch collar and a borrowed red necktie. Then I arranged myself before my looking glass and set to work on my unruly locks. While I was doing this I heard the other fellows going to the train and decided that I had better go too. We all got our tickets; the cars came adashing 'round the bend; we got in and were soon rolling on towards that great and unknown city.

After the space of some time, which I spent in trying to think up something to say when I got there, the train pulled into a place where there seemed to be a lot of houses, and that nigger on the train stuck his head in the car and yelled out "Charlotte," and then my heart began to beat against my ribs, for I knew we were nearing our journey's end. I had already made up my mind that I would follow the crowd and do like they did, so when the train stopped we piled out on the ground and went and got in a kind of a car that didn't seem to have any way to get along; but after a bit the man at the end turned a crank, something started to buzzing and, sure enough, we were moving up the middle of the road. Nobody else seemed surprised at this caper and I kept my mouth shut. After a bit we stopped again and got out, but I ain't going to tell what all I saw, for I couldn't do it if I tried. I had heard lots about the big cities, but this beat all.

Well, we stayed around here awhile, and I strained my eyes gazing at the wonderful sights until somebody said it was time to go, and we went.

When I got around there and I looked in and saw them, my heart failed me, and I wished that I was back working on Long John's Math. But then, says I, I bought my ticket and came all the way, and I'm going to take her in or bust, so I followed in like a sheep to the slaughter.

The first place we went in was a room where people were standing around sorter in a circle. The most of them were women, with just two or three men scattered about. I had to go the circuit and shake hands with

the whole lot of them. I told the first one my name and each one of them told the next one and me who we both were, and every one of them told me how pleased or happy or glad they were to meet me, and I got to thinking how they happened to know anything about me, but anyhow, I am glad that I made them all happy. I tried to study out who they all were, and at last decided that some of them were teachers and the rest of them—I don't know yet who they were.

When I had got through with this lot I went out in the big hall that had in it the most women I ever saw, except that time I went to see the circus. They were all standing around there jabbering and chattering, and they reminded me for the world of a tree full of English sparrows—but you know that's a way women have, anyhow. I looked around to size up the crowd, and says to myself that some of them must be used to a cold climate, for it wasn't very warm weather and some of them had on dresses without any sleeves, and that didn't come up around the neck. Its a wonder to me they didn't suffer with the croup. I wish I could have loaned them part of my collar, for it was choking the tongue out of me.

Well, I learnt a lot of their names, but forgot everything I had studied up to say. 'Twasn't very long before I struck up with a little girl who was just according to my notion. Somehow she didn't scare me like the rest I had seen, so I made up my mind that I would try to talk some to her. We went over in the corner and sat down, and once in a while she would say something and I would say, "Yes." I couldn't think of anything else, so I said, "I'm a Fresh, what are you?" She smiled and said, "I'm a Fresh, too." This made me like her still more, for I felt that we had this much in common.



After a while I asked her if she had ever milked a cow, and she said, "Yes," and I liked her still more, and we got started to talking all right. Then she asked me if I wouldn't go in and get some frappay.

I didn't know what to say now, for I heard something like pay, and remembered that I didn't have but three cents left when I bought my ticket. I thought maybe she wanted me to take her in and treat, so I said, "Yes," and we went in and got some without any pay. It was good, and I felt much relieved.

While we were doing around in here I stepped on one of those floor-sweeping dresses, and was about to pull it off. The girl who was wearing it turned around and looked awful hard at me. I didn't know what to say, but I did some hard thinking.

Well, we went out again where the big mob was, and some mean somebody come along and took my little girl away from me and gave me another one that I didn't like near so much. She said, "Let's go to the dining-room." This was music in this sinner's ear, so we went out and sat down at one of the little tables. They brought us in some cake and some of the curiousest ice cream I ever saw. Some of it was reddish looking and some of it was the color of black-jack dirt, but all of it tasted fine and I ate it and it didn't poison me.

While we were sitting there I said that the floor looked awful smooth and slick, and she said, "We have Germans here," and I said, "We haven't any Germans in our College, as I know of, but there are some Dutchmen." She kinder laughed then, but I never did find out what the German girls had to do with the floor being slick. Maybe she meant that they scrubbed it off nice and clean for the occasion.

Then we went out of here and into the crowd again. One of them asked me if I was coming down to see Julius Cæsar when he was there. I said I reckoned not, I didn't know he was coming, and all the time I was thinking that old Cæsar was dead long ago and in the place I had wished him when I read his Gallie Wars. If he is still alive I hope he won't take a fool notion to write any more about his wars.

I wanted to see my little girl again, but couldn't find her anywhere. After awhile I got free from all of them and thought I would rest a bit, so I went out the door and 'round on the step in the dark. I sat down and thought over what I had seen and heard. After awhile I heard somebody else come out, and looking around I saw one of the fellows and a girl come out and sit down not far from me. The girl was sitting near the edge, and I thought there might be some danger that she would fall off and hurt herself, and I suppose that fellow with her thought so too, for after awhile he put his arm around her like he was trying to keep her from falling. Pretty soon Dickey and one of the ladies that I shook hands with, came out there, and the boy and girl went back in right quick and I thought I had better do likewise.

I went back in and one of the girls said we would go and hear the Professor play on the fine new organ. We went in the big hall and the old fellow got up there on the platform and began to make all kinds of noise. Sometimes he made a fuss like a jug full of bumble-bees and then he would make it sound like a bawling cow. The organ looked little and common, but up behind it there was a lot of pretty big tubes and horns. I never did find out what they used them for.

When I went back I spied my little girl, and it wasn't long till we were together again. We got off by ourselves and talked about going fishing, hunting guinea-nests, wading in the branch and all such things. I don't

know how being in love feels, but somehow I felt so happy seated beside the little dear, and wished I could sit there and talk to her for a whole day at a time.

Well, I could tell lots more about my trip, but my tale is long enough now. 'Twasn't any time till we had to leave, and I told them good-bye, and now I am back here at Davidson. Somehow I can't study right for thinking about that sweet little girl. On every page of my book I see her picture. Last night I dreamt that I had gone down to that College again, and just as I saw her coming to meet me the clanging of that cussed bell woke me up.

Sometimes I climb alone up on the cupola and gaze away in the distance toward Charlotte, while in my mind I see the smiling face of my little brown-eyed girl. I wonder now if she ever thinks of me.

A FRESHMAN.



Beside the Lake

Asleep it lies between the hills
That fold it in on every side;
The lakelet's bosom feels no thrills
Like those—they long ago have died—
That it felt when the summer breezes kissed
From its smiling face the morning mist.

We walk together, you and I,
Along these paths so long ago,
While singing birds made harmony
With murmuring waters whispering low;
Then you seemed a sprite of the love-filled air,
And my heart was as light as you were fair.

But now I walk the paths alone,
In evening's dusk. The starlight's gleam
Through wind-swept branches shimmers down
Upon the lake asleep, a dream;
And the starlight's gleam on its bosom fair
Seems its dream of you reflected there.



"CLUBS"

J.F. Collins & Co.

Davidson Chin Symphony

Some think it is more preferable a "rubber-neck" to be—
That one should strive with all his might to see what he can see,
But we believe that nature meant for no man's tongue to lag,
And so we go our daily round as "Chewers of the Rag."

| | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------|---------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|-------------------------|
| C. L. BLACK | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Drum Major |
| G. M. WILCOX | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Gas Generator |
| DR. W. J. MARTIN | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Ringtail Roarer |
| MCCALLIE | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Sounding Brass |
| H. IRWIN | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Tinkling Symbol |
| DR. C. R. HARDING | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Persistent Prattler |
| W. H. DuBOSE | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Blower of the Big Bazoo |
| KNOX | MORSE | | | | } | - | - | Tiresome Tooters |
| J. B. BROWN | DEGRAFFENREID | | | | | | | |
| CRAIG | McKEITHAN | | | | | | | |
| HILL | H. T. MILLS | | | | | | | |
| JIM LEE SLOAN | { | - | - | - | - | - | - | Cantares in Urbe |
| S. C. SCOFIELD | | | | | | | | |

Famous Federation of Faculty Floorwalkers

HENRY LOUIS
Chief Tack-Lifter

DICKEY HARDING
Big Toe Stumper

BILL JOE, the Roarer
Lullaby Singer



WOOLY GREY
Great Kid Spanker

TOMMIE HARRISON
Supreme Face-Maker

Applicants for
Membership
LONG JOHN
ARCH CURRIE
PARSON KNOX

Member in Urbe, DR. STROHECKER (Religious Advisor)

Confederation Songs and Music:

"Rock-a-bye Baby, sleep Baby, sleep."

"Please go 'way and let me sleep."

"Ain't it a shame?"

"Oft' in the stilly night."

"Mosquito Parade."

MOTTO: Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man.

AUGER CLUB

In session from 7:30 a. m. until 11:30 p. m.
Place of Meeting—Anywhere and everywhere.

| | | | | | |
|--------------|---|---|---|---|--|
| DR. HARRISON | - | - | - | - | <i>Systematic and Eternal Borer</i> |
| DR. DOUGLAS | - | - | - | - | <i>Good All-Around Auger Turner</i> |
| DR. HARDING | - | - | - | - | <i>Medium Sized but Thorough Borer</i> |
| DR. GREY | - | - | - | - | <i>Swift and Sure Grinder</i> |
| HOLTZCLAW | - | - | - | - | <i>Trash Remover</i> |

Bit Greasers

| | | |
|------------|--------|--------|
| MCMURRAY | BEATY | WAGNER |
| McLAUGHLIN | TUCKER | |

Block Holders

| | | |
|--------------|-----------|--------------|
| BROWN, J. B. | ABERNETHY | BLACK, C. L. |
|--------------|-----------|--------------|

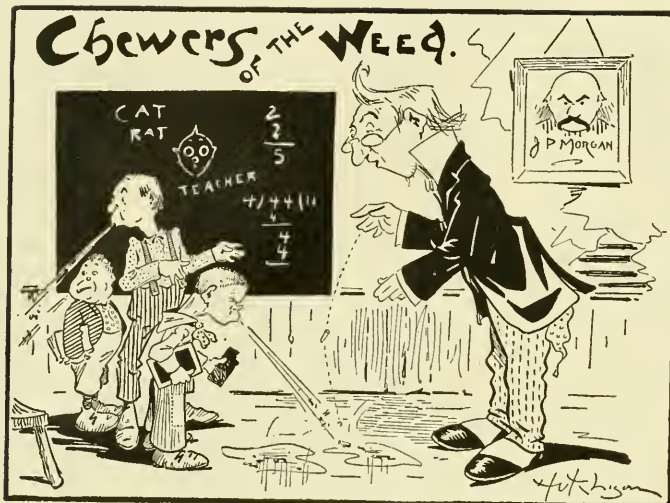
MOTTO—Grease your bit, and set it right,
Turn it fast from morn till night.

YELL—Rip, rah, re! Who are we?
Borers, borers, professionally.
Rub-a-dub, Rub-a-dub,
We are members of the Auger Club!

Sons of Solomon

“Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her
seven pillars.”—Proverbs 9:1.

| | | | | | |
|--------------------------|---|---|---|---|----------------------------------|
| GILLESPIE, R. T., Junior | - | - | - | - | <i>Personification of Wisdom</i> |
| MILLS, W. P. | - | - | - | - | <i>Imparter of Knowledge</i> |
| PADDISON | - | - | - | - | <i>Literal Sophomore</i> |
| MILLS, H. T. | - | - | - | - | <i>Premature Brilliance</i> |
| DAFFIN | - | - | - | - | <i>Southern Sage</i> |
| JOHNSTON, H. A. | - | - | - | - | <i>Ministerial Light</i> |
| HARRISON | - | - | - | - | <i>The Youthful Paragon</i> |



FAVORITE BRAND—"MILD BURLEY."

| | | | | | |
|----------------|---|---|---|---|------------------------|
| R. S. JOHNSTON | - | - | - | - | Supreme Juice Squirter |
| A. L. MILLS | - | - | - | - | Great Plug Biter |
| H. E. McMURRAY | - | - | - | - | Champion Weed Grinder |
| J. W. CURRIE | - | - | - | - | Long Distance Spitter |
| H. MILLS | - | - | - | - | Tag Collector |
| R. K. TIMMONS | - | - | - | - | Quid Sucker |
| BAILEY, J. S. | - | - | - | - | Baby Member |

Minor Squirters

| | |
|---------------|-----------------|
| DEGRAFFENREID | THURSTON |
| KIRKPATRICK | JOHNSTON, H. A. |
| BUTLER | MORROW |
| RAY | MCQUEEN |
| ROWAN | BLUE |

McLAUGHLIN, Champion beat (unanimous)

In Facultate

| | | | |
|-------------------------|-------------|-----------|---------------------------|
| COL. BREWIN | HIRAM POTTS | LONG JOHN | BILL JOE |
| Honorary Alumnus Member | - | - | PETER-THE-GREAT GOURDVINE |
| Alumni Orator | - | - | PAP CLEGG |



SWEATER CLUB

The Calico Company

| | | | | | | |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|--------------------------|
| ABERNETHY, | - | - | - | - | - | Captain |
| WAGNER, | - | - | - | - | - | First Lieutenant |
| MCLELLAND, | - | - | - | - | - | Second Lieutenant |
| ARROWOOD, | - | - | - | - | - | First Sergeant |
| PATTERSON, | - | - | - | - | - | Second Sergeant |
| JOHNSTON, R. S., | - | - | - | - | - | Corporal |
| BAILEY, J. S., | - | - | - | - | - | Bugler |
| DUBOSE, | - | - | - | - | - | Drummer |
| MORSE, | - | - | - | - | - | Driller of Awkward Squad |

Deserters

BLUE,
SPRATT,
MCDOWELL,
ROGERS, F. M.

WHITE,
KERR,
CURRIE, J. W.,
E. B. CARR.

(On account of religious principles)

Raw Recruit

J. W. MCNEILL



Our Consolidated Combination of Curious Cranks

| In Facultate | <i>Name</i> | | | | | | | | | | <i>Hobby</i> |
|-----------------|-------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | W. P. MILLS | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Correcting Fresh essays—"et cetera" |
| | DICKEY | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Easing his conscience |
| | BILL JOE | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Shedding his blood for Fresh |
| | LONG JOHN | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Losing sleep |
| | DANDY JIM | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Very exceedingly good English |
| | HENRY LOUIS | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Riding on the train |
| | WOOLY | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Leg pulling for book bills |
| | ARCHIE | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Surplus energy |
| | HOLTZCLAW | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Managing the College |
| | GILLESPIE | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Furnishing light for the College |
| | ABERNETHY | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | "Looking across the way" |
| | MCLELLAND | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Making punctuality roll |
| | ARROWOOD | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Combing his wavy locks |
| | BROWN | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Advertising Ayer's Hair Vigor |
| | CANNON | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Shooting—off his lip |
| | STEARNS | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Cornering the leather market |
| | KNOX | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Looking for a wife to cheer his lonely life |
| | DUBOSE | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Taking anti-fat |
| | PENICK | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Free ride to Mt. Mourne and return |
| | W. P. SPRUNT | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Wearing out chair cushions |
| | M. A. THOMPSON | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Looking pretty |
| | B. R. SMITH (ex-teller) | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Presiding over Fresh class |
| | J. W. MCNEILL | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Truthfulness |
| | CROSWELL | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Holding hands—five cents worth |
| | BIG SYMPHONY | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Discoursing sweet (?) music |
| | SPRATT | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Reading "The Lantern" |
| | HARRISON | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Enlightening the nations |
| | GUY | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Running his mouth |
| | IVES | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | Shattering mirrors |

The Train Crew

| | | | | | |
|---------------|---|---|---|---|------------------------------|
| WAGNER | - | - | - | - | <i>Inspector-General</i> |
| MCLELLAND | - | - | - | - | <i>Passenger Inspector</i> |
| MCDOWELL | - | - | - | - | - <i>Hot-Box Cooler</i> |
| PENICK | - | - | - | - | - <i>Truck Tender</i> |
| MILLS, H. T. | - | - | - | - | <i>Baggage Supervisor</i> |
| VANLANDINGHAM | - | - | - | - | <i>Head-Light Examiner</i> |
| CRAIG | - | - | - | - | - <i>Brake Tester</i> |
| CRANFORD | - | - | - | - | <i>Sand-Box Investigator</i> |
| SAVAGE | - | - | - | - | <i>Mail-Bag Snatcher</i> |
| THURSTON | - | - | - | - | <i>Hand-Car Shover</i> |

Truck Riders

| | | |
|------|------------|------|
| HILL | RICHARDSON | WOOD |
|------|------------|------|

Section Gang

(Headquarters at Mt. Mourne.)

| | | |
|------------------|------------|--------------|
| MCDAVID, Foreman | JAMES, H. | CROSWELL |
| PENICK | MCLAUGHLIN | JAMES, A. L. |

TOM SPARROW, *Spare Hand*

Whenever is heard a train-bell ring,
 Or else a whistle blow ;
 Then straightway throw down everything
 And to the station go.

The Court of Mendacia

"Know all ye whom these presents concern :

I, Ananias II, Rex, having subdued your former sovereign, Pseudosius V, do hereby proclaim myself rightful monarch of this flourishing kingdom and the champion of truth and righteousness. By this be it known that all those who refuse to acknowledge my sovereignty and power will be dealt with as traitors to their fatherland."

The Court

| | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------|
| <i>Ananias II, Rex</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | T. H. DEGRAFFENREID |
| <i>Prince of Mendacia</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | J.W. MCNEILL |
| <i>Lord of Munchausenborough</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | R. S. JOHNSTON |
| <i>Minister Extraordinary Plenipotentiary</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | HENRY LOUIS SMITH |
| <i>Keeper of The Grand Seal</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | J. W. CURRIE |
| <i>Recorder of Facts</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | M. A. THOMSON |
| <i>Court Interpreter</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | F. K. SPRATT |
| <i>Court Jester</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | J. W. MOORE |
| <i>Herald</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | R. I. MCDAVID |
| <i>Court Physician</i> | - | - | - | - | - | - | T. G. KELL |

| | | | | | | |
|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---------------|
| <i>Pages</i> | { | - | - | - | - | DISMUKES |
| | | - | - | - | - | HARRIS |
| | | - | - | - | - | HILL |
| <i>Courtiers</i> | { | - | - | - | - | FORNEY |
| | | - | - | - | - | A. R. MCQUEEN |
| | | - | - | - | - | RUFF |
| | | - | - | - | - | A. L. MILLS |
| | | - | - | - | - | KIRKPATRICK |
| | | - | - | - | - | MCALILEY |
| | | - | - | - | - | BEATY |
| | | - | - | - | - | TIMMONS |

The Nerve Rackers

*Music hath power to soothe the savage breast,
but discord—Lord preserve us!*

Organized for the uplifting of humanity and the promotion of harmony.

| | | | | | | | | |
|-----------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|-----------------------------------|
| BROWN, P. P. | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Howler of the First Order</i> |
| EASLEY | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Howler of the Second Order</i> |
| YAERGAN | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Disreputable Brayer</i> |
| HUTCHISON | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Discordant Screamer</i> |
| THOMPSON, M. A. | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Brokendown Squaller</i> |
| PHILIPS | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Sweet (?) Singer of Israel</i> |
| BAIN | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Hideous Screecher</i> |
| HARRISON | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Neverintime Sopalto</i> |
| COOPER | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Baneful Bawler</i> |
| ARROWOOD | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Incessant Disturber</i> |
| MAWHINNEY | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Saintly Snorter</i> |
| MCIVER | - | - | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Perpetual Shrieker</i> |

| | | | | |
|---------------|---|---------------------------|---|--------|
| MANN | } | <i>Ceaseless Chanters</i> | { | HARRIS |
| BAILEY, J. S. | | | | KNOX |
| BLUE | | | | HASSEL |
| KIRKPATRICK | | | | SMITH |

We are sorry to announce that this organization is now extinct. Although man is a long-suffering animal, human endurance is limited; and, as a consequence thereof, the harrowing wail of the Nerve Rackers is heard no more forever.—Ed.



Dooleys and Sitmore Club

| | | | | | | |
|---------------|---|---|---|---|---|---------------------------------------|
| SPRATT | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Eminent Supreme Loafer</i> |
| KERR | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Supreme Loafer</i> |
| McDAVID | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Eminent Loafer</i> |
| GORRELL | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Guardian of the Treasury</i> |
| SAVAGE | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i> |
| SPRUNT, W. P. | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Chairman of Cushion Committee</i> |
| McLELLAND | - | - | - | - | - | <i>Chairman of Spotting Committee</i> |

Inactive Members

| | | | |
|---------------|---------------|--------------|----------|
| SPRUNT, T. P. | MILLS, A. L. | DAFFIN | McKINNON |
| CANNON | BAILEY, J. S. | BLACK, C. L. | CAMPBELL |
| McNEILL, | RUFF | TUCKER | HOUGH |
| McLAUGHLIN | MORROW | HILL | ADAMS |

VANLANDINGHAM

NOTE:—The duties of Secretary being so arduous, no member could be induced to undertake the work. The E. S. L. appoints one pro tem.

Minutes of Regular Meeting, Nov. 26, 1902

House called to order at 7 p. m. by the E. S. L. Roll call. The last acting secretary having stated that he had not had time to make a record of the preceding meeting, there were no minutes read. The regular exercises being finished, the house was then, according to the usual custom, thrown open to general business and relaxation. When each member had assumed his favorite position, "Mooney" arose and harangued as follows: "O Eminent Supreme Loafer, it is with a feeling of the most profound joy and gratitude that I would remind the brethren that a holiday is near at hand. Tomorrow is Thanksgiving, and let us make it truly a day of thanksgiving and rest—" Here the speaker was interrupted with a unanimous cry of approval. W. P. Sprunt endeavored to respond, but proved unequal to the exertion.

A few minutes were spent in blissful anticipation of the joys of the morrow, but when Daffin, with doleful countenance that ill-contrasted with the poetical expression that usually adorns his features, spake his fellow loafers thusly :

"Have done with your shouting, this one holiday
Will flee like a shadow and soon pass away;
But list, fellow members, and know by this rhyme:
Examinations will come in a fortnight's time,"

Their joy was quickly changed to groans of despair; while the presiding officer lifted up his voice and wept, which was a most surprising proceeding, since he had never before been known to lift up anything at all. This demonstration, requiring too great an expenditure of energy, quickly subsided, and "Jeff," South Carolina's bard, with beaming visage, responded to Florida's laureate as follows:

"Away, dear friends, with all this repining,
For behind the dark cloud is the silvery lining;
Why think of our labors in Latin and Greek,
When Christmas will come on the following week?"

The cheering which greeted this brilliant rejoinder awoke "Rusty" from a troubled sleep, who, on being aroused, related to the assembly how his slumbers had been disturbed by a horrible dream, in which it seemed that he was far away in a strange country, where each man was compelled to wear,

every Sunday, a shirt and collar, and also to polish his shoes once a month. Wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead, he thanked them most heartily for awakening him just before the time arrived for donning the dreaded shirt.

After these disturbances the assembly again settled down into repose, Black taking his customary position, the end of his right ear firmly clasped between his molars.

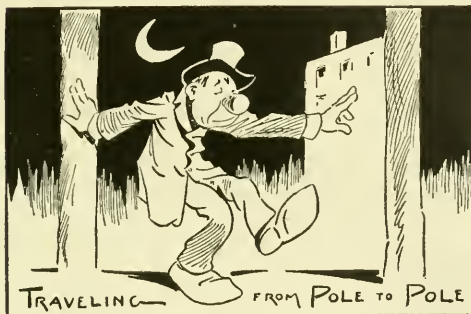
Under the head of general business, Tom Sprunt made the following proposal: "O most worthy chief, I wish to nominate for honorary membership to our illustrious order a man who is possessed of all those admirable traits which qualify one for admittance to our ranks. His dooless ability is all that could be wished for and, though he falls a little short in regard to the sitmore requirements, yet he errs on the right side, for his watchword is 'sleep, sweet sleep.' I refer, gentlemen, to a friend of *long* standing, the fruitless hunter of the wily quail." At this juncture McKinnon, who had begun to have some inkling as to whom the speaker was referring, raised his voice in strenuous opposition, on the ground that the proposed candidate had shown himself capable of entertaining hostile feelings toward certain ones of the brethren. In spite of this objection, however, the candidate, because of his unusual fitness, was elected, and the name of "Long John," was duly inscribed upon the roll-book.

Reports of committees were then heard. The Spotting Committee reported that after long and tedious calculation they had arrived at the conclusion that on the coming examinations "Dickie" would request that GLUKUS be declined in full; while "Wooly" would undoubtedly ask for constructions in the sentence: "The barber had his legs broken." The chairman of the Spotters kindly advised the brothers to be sure to remember that in this sentence the word "broken" always stood in the ablative singular of the first declension; while "legs" was put in the pluperfect infinitive of the seventh conjugation.

The Lookout Committee stated that there would be three holidays after Christmas, and that "Dandy Jim" would probably before many days be laid up with the gout.

When these announcements had been heard, McDavid, ever a staunch and loyal member of the organization, suggested that the chair instruct the secretary to read, for the edification of certain misguided Freshmen, the

preamble to the Constitution and some of the By-Laws, which, through ignorance, they had been guilty of violating. But the Eminent Supreme Loafer demurred on the ground that he was tired, and the meeting was accordingly adjourned.



Statistics for Quips and Cranks

AVERAGE AGE—Nineteen.

HEIGHT—Five feet, nine inches.

WEIGHT—One hundred and forty-two pounds.

SIZE HAT—Seven.

SIZE SHOE—Seven.

SMOKE—Yes, twenty-six per cent.; no, seventy-four per cent.

CHEW—Yes, seventeen per cent.; no, eighty-three per cent.

DRINK INTOXICANTS—Yes, nine per cent.; no, ninety-one per cent.

USE PROFANITY—Yes, twenty-three per cent.; no, seventy-seven per cent.

WEAR GLASSES—Yes, eighteen per cent.; no, eighty-two per cent.

YEARLY EXPENSES—Average, \$262.

CHOSEN PROFESSION—Yes, fifty-five per cent.; no, forty-five per cent.; Ministry, twenty-two per cent.; Medicine, thirteen per cent.; Law, eight per cent.; Banking, Electricity, Teaching and Scattering.

TIME OF RETIRING—Eleven-thirty.

NUMBER OF PRAYERS MISSED PER MONTH—One.

USE PONY—Yes, seventy per cent.; no, thirty per cent.

NUMBER OF BOOKS READ THIS YEAR—Ten.

EVER BEEN ENGAGED—Yes, twenty per cent.; no, eighty per cent.

FATHERS' PROFESSION—Farmer, thirty-five per cent.; merchant, twenty-two per cent.; minister, nineteen per cent.; banker and doctor, ten per cent., each.

FAVORITE STUDY—Math., twenty-eight per cent.; Bible, twenty per cent.; Latin and French, fourteen per cent., each; Chemistry, ten per cent.; Greek, eight per cent.; Physics, six per cent.

FAVORITE STYLE LITERATURE—Fiction, sixty per cent.; Romance, twenty-three per cent.; Poetry and History, seven per cent., each; Biography, three per cent.

FAVORITE AUTHOR—Scott, twenty-four per cent.; Mary Johnston, fourteen per cent.; Shakespeare, nineteen per cent.; Page, twelve per cent.

FAVORITE PROFESSOR—Grey, forty-two per cent.; Douglas, J. M., thirty per cent.; Harding, ten per cent.; Martin, eight per cent.; Shearer and Harrison, five per cent., each; Douglas, J. L. and Curry, two per cent., each.

UGLIEST MAN—Ives, sixty-five per cent.; McNeill, sixteen per cent.; Brown, P., fourteen per cent.; Smith, eight per cent.

WITTIEST MAN—McQueen, twenty-six per cent.; Easley, nineteen per cent.; Curry, J., eleven per cent.; Moore, J. W., sixteen per cent.; Johnston, H., nine per cent.

BIGGEST LOAFER—McLaughlin, thirty-seven per cent., Black, nineteen per cent.; Hill, fourteen per cent.

LAZIEST MAN—Sprunt, W., seventy-nine per cent.; McLaughlin, twelve per cent.

MOST INFLUENTIAL—Caldwell, sixty-three per cent.; Dunn, ten per cent.; Daffin, nine per cent.; Mills, W. P., five per cent.

BEST MAN MORALLY—Mawhinney, seventy-six per cent.; Dickson, twenty-two per cent.

BEST FOOTBALL PLAYER—Kirkpatrick, fifty-four per cent.; Fetzer, thirty-one per cent.; Hutchison, fourteen per cent.

BIGGEST LADY KILLER—Patterson, thirty-three per cent.; Morse, nineteen per cent.; Knox, thirteen per cent.; DuBose, nine per cent.; McLelland and Shannon, nine per cent. each.

MOST SKILLFUL PONY RIDER—McMurray, twenty per cent.; Smith, H., fifteen per cent.; Butler, Kerr, Wilds, Thompson, M. A., Baily, W. T., DuBose, seven per cent., each.

MOST IN LOVE—Abernethy, thirty per cent.; Dismukes, twenty per cent.; Knox, fourteen per cent.; DuBose, eleven per cent.

GREATEST BORE—Beaty, twenty per cent.; McLaughlin, sixteen per cent.; Berryhill, seven per cent.; Brown, J. B., sixteen per cent.; Dismukes, nine per cent.; Hill, seven per cent.

MOST FAITHFUL FOLLOWER OF ANANIAS—Dismukes, thirty-five per cent.; Rankin, F. W., fifteen per cent.; Smith, B. R., nine per cent.; Tucker, twelve per cent.; Morrow, eight per cent.

HARDEST STUDENT—White, seventy-eight per cent.; Cornelson, eight per cent.; Williams, seven per cent.

BEST WRITER—Curry, forty-two per cent.; Caldwell, thirty per cent.; McQueen, eighteen per cent.; Adams, twelve per cent.

GREENEST MAN—Hay, twenty-nine per cent.; Wilkes, twenty-nine per cent.; Moore, J. W., sixteen per cent.; Phillips and Carter, seven per cent., each.

MOST BOASTFUL MAN—McCallie, twenty-four per cent.; James, H., nineteen per cent.; Brown, J. B., sixteen per cent.; Mills, H., eleven per cent.; Paddison, nine per cent.; Nicholson, seven per cent.

CHEEKIEST—McCallie, forty-three per cent.; Paddison, fifteen per cent.; Gillespie, eight per cent.; Brown, J. B., Nicholson, VanLandingham, Hill, Cooper, Rogers, B. M., McKeithan, five per cent., each.

MOST POPULAR MAN—Dunn, forty-five per cent.; Caldwell, twenty-six per cent.; Kirkpatrick, fifteen per cent.; Mills, A. L. and Brown, P. P., four per cent., each.

MOST INTELLECTUAL—Kerr, forty-one per cent.; Caldwell, twenty-five per cent.; Currie, thirteen per cent.; Daffin, eleven per cent.; Mills, W. P., seven per cent.; Brown, three per cent.

BEST ALL-ROUND ATHLETE—Kirkpatrick, fifty-two per cent.; Hutchison, twenty-four per cent.; Fetzer, eighteen per cent.

BEST BASEBALL PLAYER—Bailey, J. S., fifty-three per cent.; Wilcox, thirty-one per cent.; Harris, seven per cent.

BIGGEST WIRE PULLER—Gillespie, fifty-two per cent.; Timmons, twenty per cent.; McMurray, thirteen per cent.; Daffin, twelve per cent.

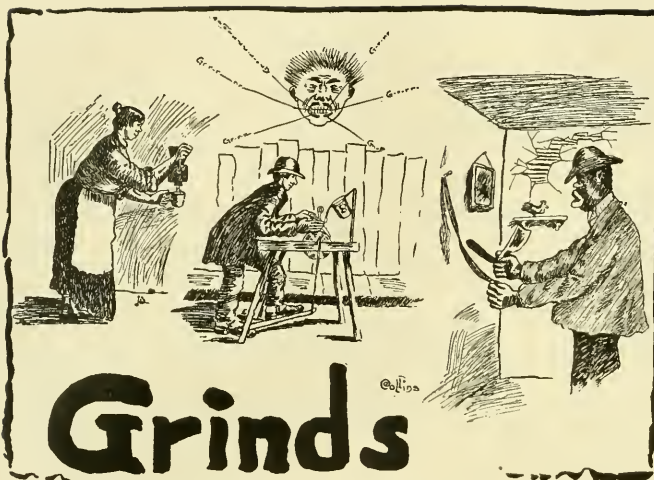
MOST CONCEITED—Mills, W. P., forty-two per cent.; Bailey, J. S., nine per cent.; McCallie, seven per cent.; Harrison and Johnston, six per cent., each.

HANDSOMEST MAN—Johnston, R., eighty-one per cent.; Bailey, six per cent.

AVERAGE HOURS IN STUDY DAILY—Five.

AVERAGE HOURS IN RECREATION DAILY—Two and one-quarter.

BIGGEST EATER—Barne's, Hutchison; Morrow's, Dandy Jim; Heilig's, Stearns; Stirewalt's, Ruff; Brady's, Johnston, R. and Torrence; Sloan's, McDavid; Vinson's, Erwin, E. J.; Wells', McCall.



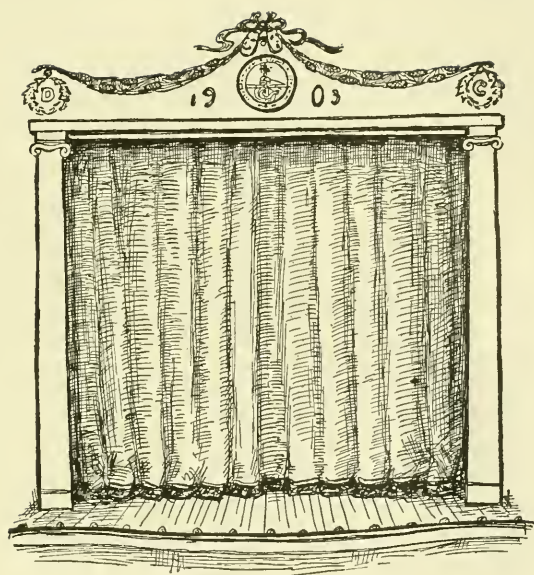
Of those whom we have honored by a mention in these grinds,
 May no one be offended by what he herein finds;
 The whole thing is a joke, you know, so when the laugh's on you
 Just take it very gracefully, if it be false or true.

- "Let me sleep on and do not wake me yet."—BUTLER
 "I shall always be a kid."—F. W. RANKIN
 "Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls."—W. T. BAILEY
 "A singular, angular fellow."—H. B. SMITH
 "If he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they should have
 hanged him."—SYMPHONY
 "In sooth 'tis a fair mouth—one that Venus formed for her own kiss-
 ing."—TOMMIE
 "The good are heaven's peculiar care."—McLAUGHLIN
 "Let Hercules himself do what he may,
 The cat will mew, the dog will have his day."—SOPHOMORES
 "You may beat your pate and fancy wit will come,
 Knock as you please there's nobody at home."—COOPER
 "The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty."—LENTZ.
 "We that are true lovers run into strange capers."—ABERNETHY
 "Nay, I shall ne'er beware of mine own wit, till I break my shins
 against it."—SPRATT
 "Forbear and eat no more."—C. PERCE

"Your looking glass will tell you what none of your friends will."
 —M. A. THOMPSON
 "He's a very exceedingly small little object, with a girth exceedingly large."—DANDY JIM
 "He loosens and lets down his jaw,
 Then brings it up the rag to chaw."—WILCOX
 "Give thy thoughts no tongue."—CROSWELL
 "Meet it is that I set it down, that a man may smile, and smile, and
 be a villain."—T. PEIRCE
 "Ma, may I be a dude?"—MCKEITHAN
 "The hairs of his head are numbered."—HASSEL
 "One of the few immortal names that were not born to die."—PENICK
 "Now say, boys, don't you think I'm pretty?"—MORSE
 "In simplicity and freshness he's a perfect child."—WILKES
 "In truth he is but an infant wearing trousers."—J. E. BROWN
 "Large be his footprints on the sands of time."—STEARNS
 "Behold what a weariness it is."—EXAMINATIONS
 "Don't put too fine a point to your wit, for fear it should get blunted."
 —EASLEY
 "What a sweep of vanity comes this way."—O'KELLEY
 "My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you."—HUTCHISON
 "His high top, bald with dry iniquity."—WOOLY
 "O, I die for food."—DICKSON
 "I think he be transformed into a beast, for I can nowhere find him
 like a man."—CLARK
 "What fool is this."—J. W. MOORE
 "His leg is but so so."—P. P. BROWN
 "One swallow does not make a summer,
 But one Martin makes many a fall."—CHEMISTRY CLASS
 "By my troth I was looking for a fool when I met you."—RICHARDSON
 "Then is there mirth in heaven."—CHAPEL CHOIR
 "Green indeed is the color of lovers."—C. W. ERWIN
 "Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book."—HOUGH
 "Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years."—H. IRWIN
 "Come, come, wrestle with thine affections."—WAGNER
 "O unhappy youth, come not within these walls; within this roof the
 enemy of all your graces lives."—PHYSICAL LABORATORY
 "O, that I were a fool."—DISMUKES
 "From morn till noon they fell."—BAIN, CAMPBELL AND DUBOSE
 "At need a lord of lies."—TUCKER
 "Perched, and sat, and nothing more."—W. SPRUNT
 "Hairs of my youth,
 Ye are frosted and gray."—MCDAVID
 "Here at least we shall be free."—FRESH AT CORNELIUS
 "Long is the way, and hard, that out of hell leads up to light."—EDUCATION
 "Spirit of beauty, where art thou gone?"—IVES
 "And singing still doth soar, and soaring ever singest."—YEARGAN
 "What thou art we know not."—DENTON
 "O, how could thy notes flow in such a chrystal stream?"—HARRISON
 "So sweet the blush of bashfulness."—WEATHERLY
 "He found the blessedness of being little."—BONNOITT

"This lamb plays always; he knows no better."—R. R. HALL
 "Thoroughly rooted and of wondrous height."—VANLANDINGHAM
 "The ladies call him sweet."—MCNEILL
 "Hath somewhat of the savage beast."—SAVAGE
 "Where none will sweat but for promotion."—FOOTBALL FIELD.
 "Good at a fight."—STIREWALT
 "For thy sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die."—CRAIG
 "Comb down his hair—Look! Look! It stands upright."—GILLESPIE
 "Sweet bird that shunnet the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy."—ROSEBOROUGH
 "He hath a face like a benediction."—MAWHINNEY
 "Prettiest thing in the world."—WOOD
 "It is a great pity to be too handsome a man."—MCALILY
 "A little, round, fat, oily man,"—TEAM
 "How softly sounds the voice of a woman."—WILDS
 "A simple child that lightly draws its breath."—LACY
 "A hungry, lean-faced villain."—CARR
 "My bones wax old through my roaring all the day."—BILL JOE
 "Too fresh to eat; too green to keep; throw it away."—TAYLOR
 "Thy hair, sweet sir, is lovelier than the dawn."—ADAMS
 "So he standeth next to none
 In getting off a beastly pun."—DICKIE
 "I pray you do not fall in love with me,
 For I am falsier than the vows made in wine."—MCIVER
 "The restless tongue bespeaks an empty head."—MCALLIE
 "Not pretty but massive."—FETZER
 "We're most of us liars; we're 'arf of us thieves;
 And the rest of us green as can be."—FRESH CLASS







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During the Xmas vacation, I went North to inspect a number of Pianos of different makes, and also to visit the factories. The decision referred to above has been arrived at, both from experience in the past, and also from personal observation of facilities for manufacture.

I shall be obliged to you if you will kindly advise the factory in Baltimore that these Pianos must be delivered in Spartanburg not later than September 15th, 1903.

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THE genuine Christian training of the young men who are to be the leaders of our New South is to you an object of supreme importance. Our fair land, after her long and bitter struggle with crushing poverty, has entered on an era of rapidly accumulating wealth, increasing luxury, and all-absorbing industrialism. If the reverent religious spirit of the Old South, its high moral purpose and spiritual ideals, its courtesy and sense of personal dignity, its scorn of vulgar materialism—these intangible assets, this spiritual inheritance, which made the Old South rich even in defeat and devastation—if these are to be replaced by universal mammon-worship and cold, shrewd, tireless, triumphant Commercialism, then God pity our beloved land! In that event, though her fruitful plains be gridironed with railways, and her blue sky darkened with the smoke of countless factories, and her land strewn with palaces, the true glory of the South will be in her glorious past.

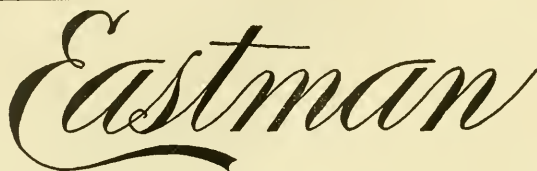
If our Southern States are to be saved from gross materialism and vulgar mammon-worship, if, while gaining earthly riches, they are to retain the spiritual treasures of the past, it must be by the Christian culture and training of their young men. This is the work that Davidson College has so nobly carried on for two-thirds of a century. It believes in modern culture, modern science, modern love of humanity; it is not a theological school, nor has it ever taught courses in theology; its atmosphere is broad and catholic; yet it believes and teaches that high-toned Christian Character is the end and aim of all training, and that truth, purity, reverence, and self-control are the flower of Twentieth Century manhood.

If these are your own ideas and ideals, add your influence, your prayers, your labors and your liberal gifts to more fully carry on the great work which the College is doing, and to make her, in material equipment and resources, not only abreast of our progressive age, but worthy of the great educational denomination of which she is the intellectual crown and exponent.

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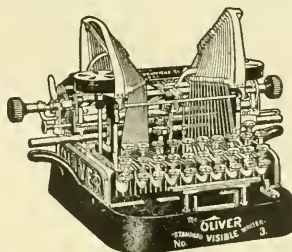
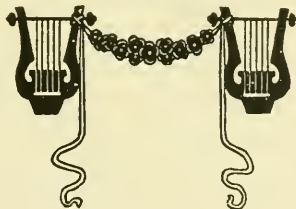
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